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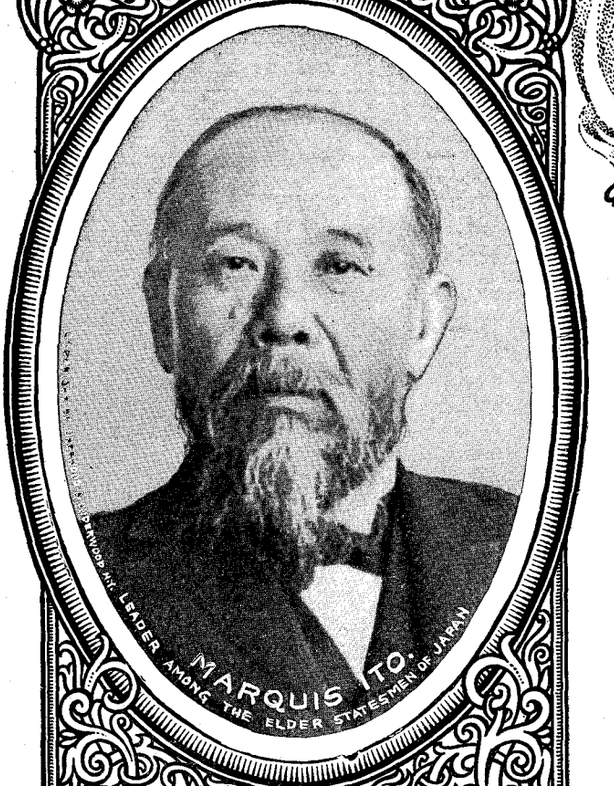

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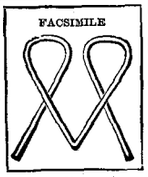

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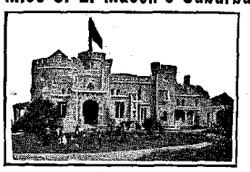

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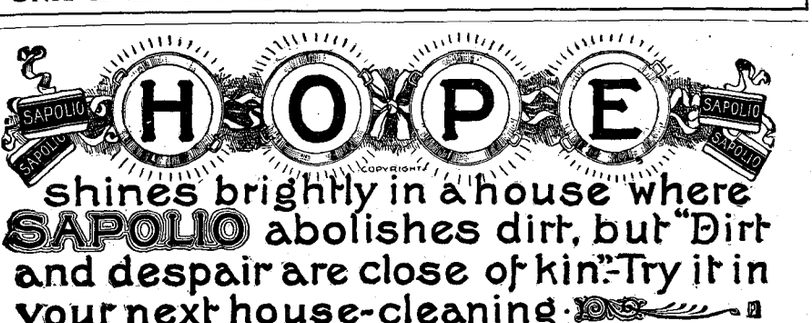

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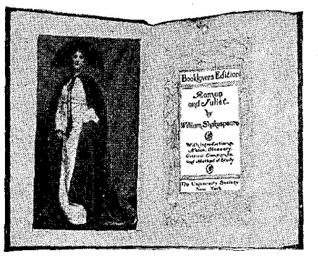

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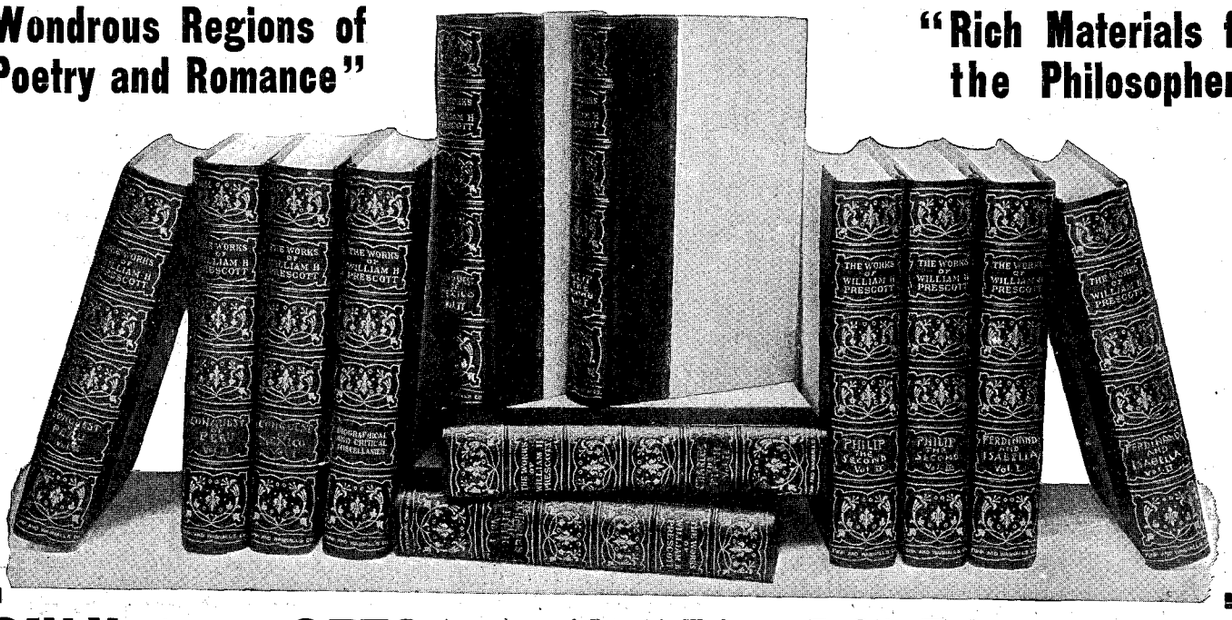

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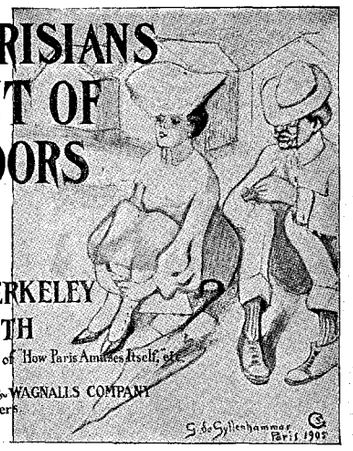

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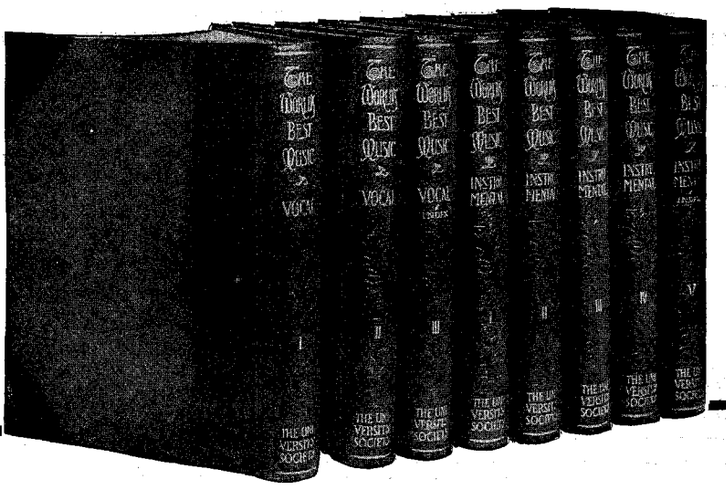

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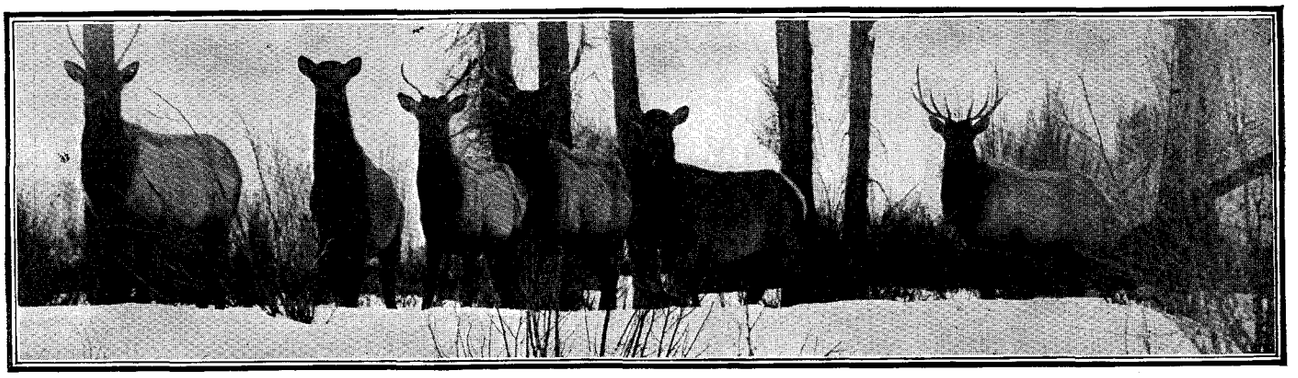


Copyright 1903 by S. N. Leek, Courtesy of "Country Life in America."

ELK STILL LIVE IN VAST NUMBERS IN JACKSON'S HOLE,

Just east of the great Teton Range in the Rocky Mountains, for the six winter months, when that country is practically impassable. In summer the elk go higher and farther back into the mountains.

emphasized successfully the desirability of escaping the perils and discomforts of a midwinter inauguration. They cited the fatalities due to exposure on March 4 last, tho the last Inauguration Day, compared with many others, was clement and genial. Three distinguished participants in the ceremonies sacrificed their lives this year to the exigencies of an unseasonable outdoor spectacle. Manuel de Aspiroz, the Ambassador of Mexico; Senator William B. Bate, of Tennessee, and Justice Lawrence Weldon, of the United States Court of Claims, required by etiquette to take part in the exercises on the Capitol steps, all died as a result of illness there contracted. The public is beginning to realize that it is both cruel and senseless to invite—and in a measure compel—the justices of the Supreme Court, the other justices resident in Washington, the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet and the members of both branches of Congress to sit or stand unsheltered through what is often a half-hour ceremonial in a drenching rain. The perils and annoyances of such a stupid adherence to tradition, and the discomforts caused to the thousands who gather in Washington to enjoy the inauguration display, are accepted by the State executives generally as sufficient ground for reforming our badly regulated political calendar."

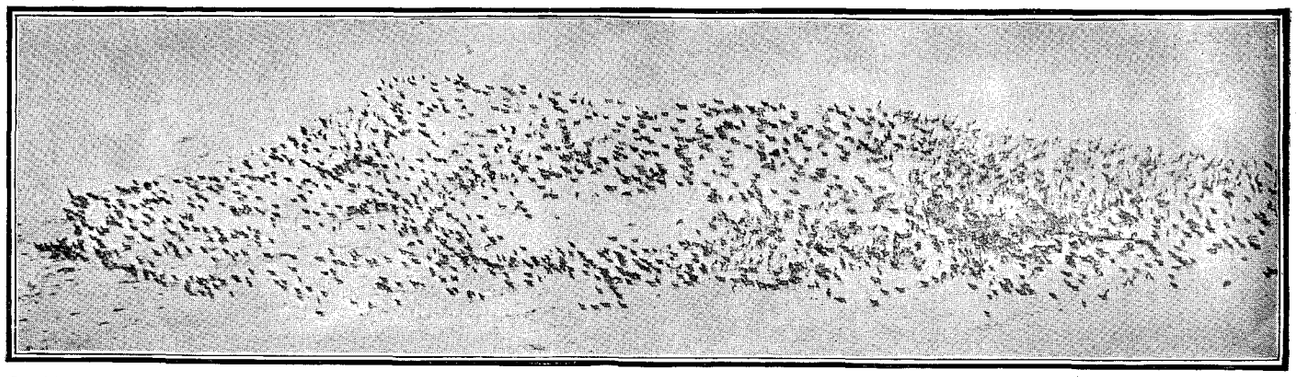
New Grain Rates.—While the Government authorities have been thinking over the best plan to adopt in regard to government railroad-rate making, the Great Northern, wholly on its own initiative, has reduced the freight charges on wheat from half a cent a hundred from points near St. Paul and the head of navigation on the Great Lakes up to five cents from Williston, N. D., and other distant points. Naturally, other railroads running into Chicago have met the cut, and now, according to the Baltimore *News*, "the whole West has a cheaper rate for sending its crops to market." The reduction is worth two or three million dollars to the farmers, and therefore the Philadelphia *Record* thinks that the demand from the Northwest for legislation adverse to the railroads will be materially modified. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* uses the grain-rate reduction as an argument to show that the railroads will give the people a better deal if left alone than they would get by government rate-making. "No interstate commerce commission would have ordered so sweeping a reduction," declares *The Pioneer Press;* and the Minneapolis *Journal*, in reply, says:

"The grain-rate reduction is a good thing, a boon to the farmers of the Northwest, and good business policy for the railroads; but it is idle to say that it would not have come under a government rate-making system."

LAST OF THE BIG-GAME HERDS.

IN the matter of big game herds in this country, one begins to wonder whether there are still left great herds that have not felt the encroachments of the settler and hunter. The American buffalo herds have dwindled, until now there are no more than 1,100 head left in the country. But it is possible still to see vast herds of big game. So says Walter Adams Johnson in *Country Life in America*, and he upholds that statement by producing some remarkable photographs of herds of elk. "Some sixteen years ago," writes Mr. Johnson, "home-seekers in the valley reported so many elk that they appeared 'like leaves covering the hills.' But there may be no fewer to-day than there were then." However, the writer claims that outside one spot elk are as scarce as the buffalo. That spot is "Jackson's Hole," where it is estimated that 20,000 to 40,000 come every winter. Our writer describes the "hole" thus:

"The 'Hole' itself, for the place is called Jackson's Hole, is bordered on the west by the abrupt wall of the mighty Teton range, which parallels the Idaho border closely. It includes on the north a bit of the lower portion of the Yellowstone National Park. It



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A SWARM FROM THE HERD—FIFTEEN HUNDRED ELK IN THE PHOTOGRAPH,

Which was taken by Leek as he stood on the hillside with other similar swarms about him. He believes there were at least 8,000 elk in range of his eyesight that day.

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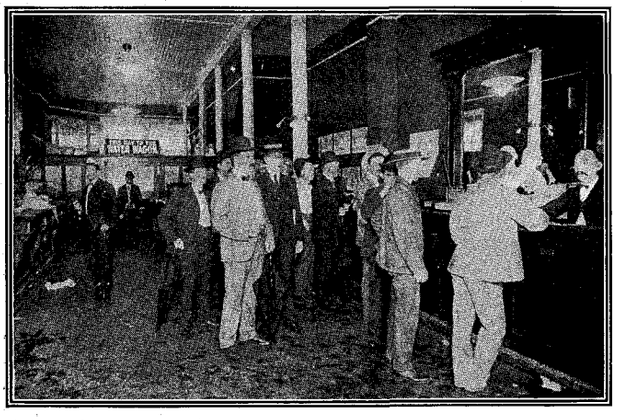
is a hundred or so miles long and a few miles wide at its narrower walls, broadening out over the foothills of the Gros Ventre and Wind rivers on the east and south and to the Shoshones and the Continental Divide on the north. It is all but impassable to man and beast for the six months of the year in which the elk come down to the 'Hole' country."

The photographs that luminate Mr. Johnson's article are by Stephen N. Leek. The elk "swarm" was taken one day when Leek was standing on the hillside with other swarms about him. If there were 1,500 elk in this one photograph, Mr. Leek believes there were at least 8,000 within the range of his eyesight. To quote Mr. Johnson again:

"Elk may still be considered as splendid game for the legitimate sportsman, with his license to kill two animals, who would stalk them in season. It would be no great sport shooting an elk from the great herds; no more than it was to kill buffalo from the Union Pacific car platform in the seventies. Increased public sentiment will lead to the preservation of these elk in the same spirit in which we guard the redwoods and the Yellowstone Park."

END OF THE SUBWAY TAVERN.

THE Subway Tavern, which was dedicated by Bishop Potter a year ago with prayer and hymns, has ceased to exist as a philanthropic institution. Henceforth it will be run as an ordinary grogshop. All those who bitterly denounced the Bishop for



Photograph by Bain, New York.

THE SUBWAY TAVERN IN NEW YORK,
Now converted into an ordinary saloon.

perpetrating what they chose to call this outrage of "mixing whisky and religion," are now expressing their gratification at the failure. On the other hand, says the New York *Times*, "most people who have considered the temperance question seriously will read with regret" the news of the failure of this novel sociological experiment.

There seem to be many causes which contributed to the defeat of Bishop Potter's scheme to establish a decent and law-abiding saloon in the slums of New York. "It was impossible to follow God and chase the devil," said the proprietor in venting his indignation at the regulations which forbid him to cater to the low elements of society, or to sell drinks to any one after he had "liquored up" to the point of becoming "generous and profitable." Furthermore the proprietor found that the man who wants a drink, while in the act of quenching his thirst hates to be "rubbered" by a delegation of W. C. T. U. women, or a group of sociological students or curious strangers who are taking in the sights in a "Seeing New York" automobile. Too much publicity, therefore, helped to "crimp" the Tavern's trade. When the novelty of it had worn off, it became a deserted hole in the ground.

Bishop Potter, however, is not downcast. He still believes that his "idea is a good one," and is reported as saying that "the success or failure of a single institution which attempted to carry out the idea does not detract from its merits." But the New York *Sun* thinks that the Bishop's idea is impracticable and declares:

"The notion that under any circumstances or with any sort of surroundings a rumshop can be made other than it is, a place in which to get a drink and wholly removed from the possibility of any religious association and influence, provoked only amusement among people accustomed to such places, however seriously it may have appealed to the fancy of sentimental and whimsical philanthropists. If a rumshop was a religious institution the proper place for it would be in a church as a feature of evangelism."

MUTTERINGS OF A NEW COAL STRIKE.

MR. JOHN MITCHELL, president of the United Mine Workers, made several declarations in a speech at Tamaqua, Pa., on August 26, which many papers interpret as meaning that he intends to bring on another big fight between the miners, mine owners, and operators when the arbitration award of 1903 expires next April. He is quoted as saying that he will demand an eight-hour working day and the recognition of the union in the anthracite region, so that thereafter "we can say to Baer, 'here is the labor of 150,000 men and boys. We want so much for it, and you can take it or leave it.'" In order to understand the full significance of Mr. Mitchell's words a comparison should be made between his present demands and the points which were agreed upon by the award just mentioned. As related by the Springfield *Republican* the decision of the famous strike commission, created by President Roosevelt, was this:

"Generally for all employees in the anthracite field a 10-per-cent. increase of wages was decreed. As regards hours of labor, the union demands applied of course only to those working by the hour or day or week, and these include a little over one-half of the total number of employees. For certain classes of time men, like engineers and firemen, the commission decreed eight hours; for the others nine hours. Thus the present demands so far relate only to a fraction of the time-workmen and do not extend to any question of wages for the body of employees."

In view of the fact that this decision settled in a fairly satisfactory manner all disputes regarding wages and working hours, it is believed that the real question that Mr. Mitchell is now trying to force to the front is the recognition of the union. Thus the New York *Journal of Commerce* says:

"This is not a movement for the benefit of labor generally or for the advancement of any sound cause, but for a monopoly in a particular industry at the expense of other industries. It is not a contest to give anthracite miners an equal chance with other workingmen, for the Anthracite Commission, speaking of the conditions which existed before it made its award shortening hours and increasing wages, said: 'As to the general contention that the rates of compensation for contract miners in the anthracite region are lower than those paid in the bituminous field for work substantially similar, or lower than are paid in other occupations requiring equal skill and training, the commission finds that there has been a failure to produce testimony to sustain either of these propositions.' It was equally true of the workmen generally in the mines. The peculiarity of the anthracite region is not that labor is worse off there than elsewhere, but that it presents an exceptional chance for monopoly."

But the New York *American* is encouraging Mr. Mitchell in the threatening attitude he has assumed, and comes to his defense in an editorial from which we condense the following:

Mitchell must expect to be attacked widely and fiercely for "stirring up strife." But the war of labor in an industry monopolized by a few employing corporations is real war. Its tactics are like those which open an armed conflict between nations. Do Baer and his cubs begin to pile up coal about their mines while still keeping up the price to the consumer at famine figures? Then Mitchell calls on his men to organize and to put their pennies into a treasure chest which shall outlast the employers' mountains of coal.

It is fair strategy, good diplomacy, on both sides. Since the

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men who control employment in the anthracite regions, those in whom, according to Mr. Baer, God in his wisdom vested control of the property rights of the land, have seen fit to establish relations of continued suspicion with their workmen, it is only to be expected that each side will watch the other narrowly, and judge each move as a hostile critic. Mr. Mitchell may seem to be unduly apprehensive of trouble. Mr. Baer seems to be singularly ready to furnish it. The people of the United States, and particularly of the East, where hard, or anthracite, coal is almost exclusively used, have good reason to apprehend the clash of these two masterful forces. While they fight we shall suffer, as we did in the last contest.

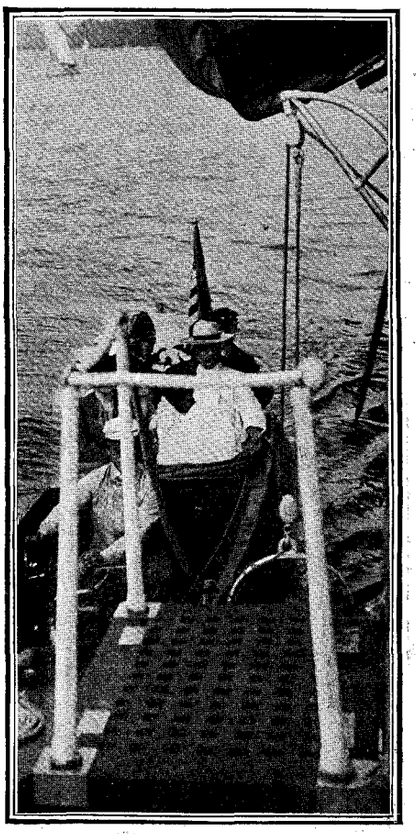
THE PRESIDENT'S SUBMARINE TRIP.

THE proclivity of President Roosevelt to do daring and unexpected things is so well known that the emotions of alarm with which the country learned that he had taken a dive in a submarine boat were "unmingled," as the New York *Times* remarks, "with any appreciable admixture of surprise." As the New York *Telegraph* shows, every theatrical accessory seems present to tempt him. On the afternoon of August 25, when he made his famous trip in the *Plunger*, a stinging northwest gale blew over the sound near Oyster Bay and lashed its surface into a fury. The whole world had been informed of the probability of his venture. The newspapers fairly egged him on by magnifying the dangers he would undergo, and by wondering whether he would "take a dare" in spite of them. So, down he went to the bottom of the sea, and remained there for fifty minutes, besides subjecting himself during two hours more to other risks as the craft darted like a porpoise through the waters.

The papers which justify the President in subjecting his valuable life to whatever risk there may have been attached to his venturesome trip in the *Plunger*, claim that his experiment has demonstrated the efficiency of submarine vessels in certain circumstances, and so has done much to relieve the distrust which the public entertained for this sort of craft. Thus the Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares:

"It is certain that the advertisement given by the President's tour beneath the waves has given them a notoriety that could not otherwise be achieved. It has been shown that they can be operated at will, can discharge torpedoes, and the general inference is that they will become active as engines of war in future."

On the other hand, papers which condemn this latest manifestation of the President's daring spirit, fail to see any excuse for what they are pleased to call his "foolhardiness." They refer to the mishap to the American boat, the *Porpoise*, which just a year ago sank to the depth of 120 feet, and narrowly escaped remaining there with all her crew, and the more recent accidents which befel the British *A8* and the French *Farfadet*, as showing that the President did actually undergo a danger such as the head of no nation should run except in the strict line of his official duty. Only two incidents can be found in the history of this country that in any way suggest the risk and peril of Mr. Roosevelt's plunge to the bottom of the sea. In 1844 President Tyler witnessed with a party of high officials the first shot of a large newly invented gun. It burst and the explosion killed several persons in the party; and Mr. Tyler himself narrowly escaped death. At the beginning of the Civil War, President Lincoln stood on the ramparts of Fort Stevens near Washington and watched the battle of Brightwood. The exposure in both these cases was conspicuous and deliberate. In the first instance it was not considered particularly hazardous, and in the second Mr. Lincoln was justified on the ground that his presence gave encouragement to the Union troops. But in comparing Lincoln's act with the recent one of Mr. Roosevelt the Washington *Star* notes a wide difference and says:



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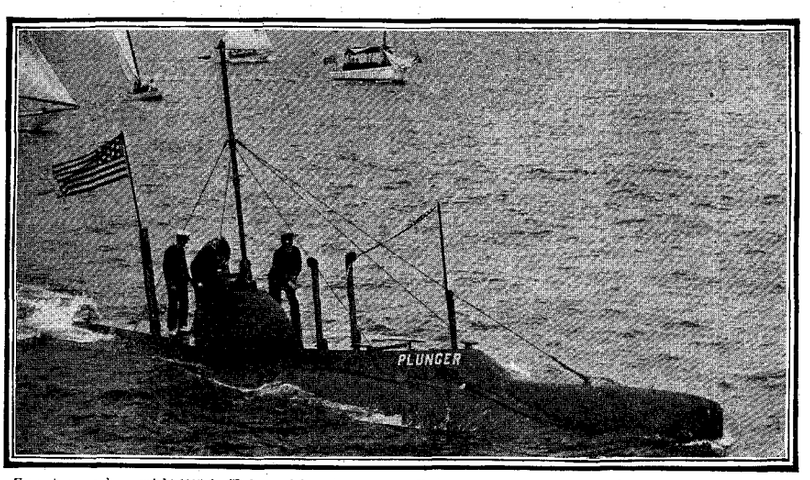
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ABOUT TO SAIL IN THE LAUNCH OF THE "SYLPH" TO THE "PLUNGER."

"It can hardly be argued that Mr. Roosevelt's trip beneath the waves was in the line of his duty even to the degree in which Mr. Lincoln was within the requirements of his position at Fort Stevens. He could not gain a better conception of the utility of the submarine boat by making a trip on one under the surface. His official knowledge was not materially enlarged by his personal participation in the dangers."

In fact, the exploit was so characteristic of the man that many people would have been disappointed if he had not taken the plunge. No daredevil prank seems to be thought to be beyond the President, if it can be excused on the ground of possibly serving some useful purpose. The New York *World* in a humorous article on the event thus sums up his spirit and peculiarities:

"President Roosevelt should have an individual Hall of Fame. The President is twenty men rolled into one; there are more sides to his character than there are facets on a diamond. A composite photograph of Theodore Roosevelt would look like the grandson of Nimrod and a



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THE SUBMARINE BOAT "PLUNGER."

On August 25 the President took a three-and-a-half-hour trip on this boat, running the craft himself part of the time, and remaining submerged for fifty minutes.

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centaur, with a rifle in one hand, a boxing-glove on the other, with a diver's helmet on his head and a clergyman's white 'choker' around his neck. Such a photograph would be like the President's make-up—beautiful, but complex.

"Mr. Roosevelt is never happy unless he is doing something else. Every now and then you read in the newspapers that the 'President had the time of his life.' The time of his life is all the time. He is as happy taking a header on a submarine boat as he is preaching to a congregation of schoolma'ams that the loneliest and least patriotic creature on top of the earth is an old maid. His existence is one continual round of shoot the chutes."

STUDYING THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

IN days of ignorance and superstition a total eclipse of the sun was a terrifying omen. To the unscientific even in civilized nations, it is a weird and gruesome sight; but to astronomers and the intelligent generally it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

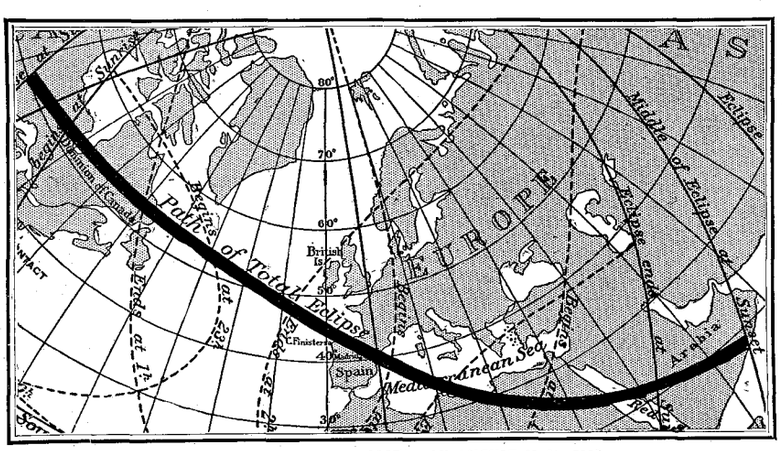
As seen by a member of the Baltimore *American's* art department. The photograph was made by a telescopic camera.

The shadow of the moon 167 miles wide at its greatest width, which on August 30 sped at the rate of nearly 2,500 miles an hour, and cast its pall, as the New York *Evening Telegram* describes it, "like a gigantic funeral ribbon reaching from the wilds of Hudson Bay, across the Atlantic and ending in Southeast Arabia," appalled and interested all these different classes of people.

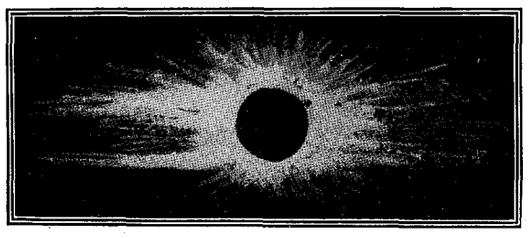
The distance of about 7,400 miles, which this monstrous and deep black shadow traversed, was covered in a little less than three hours. Consequently the duration of total darkness at every point was short—ranging from two and one-half minutes in Canada to three and three-fourths minutes in Spain. But astronomers had calculated the coming and going of the eclipse to a nicety, and had made such elaborate and exact preparation for its reception that every lesson it could teach has undoubtedly been learned; and so the New York *Herald* ventures to remark:

"Probably a year hence, when the [photographic] plates have been developed and studied and measured, the astronomers will begin writing about the great eclipse of 1905, and their story will be couched in technical phrases hardly more intelligible than Cingalese to the general public."

Five American parties—three from the Naval Observatory at Washington and two from the Lick Observatory in California—were in the field taking observations. Other enlightened nations also sent out observers to study the phenomenon. What are the problems for investigation which justified all this expenditure of time and money? As learned from an article in the New York *Sun* they are the following:



PATH OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 29-30, 1905.



THE ECLIPSE IN ITS TOTALITY.

Drawn from a cabled description to the New York *Herald*. "There was great consternation among the population, and the darkness was almost total," cables M. Flammarion from Almazan, Spain. "The corona had gigantic red protuberances east and west of the sun."

1. The corona—what is it?

2. The sun's atmosphere—what are the conditions of the gases which compose it, and how high do they extend above the surface of the sun?

These are the principal questions, and the most interesting and perplexing of them is the first—What is the corona? Some believe that it is a giant shower of meteors. Others maintain that it is similar to Saturn's rings, but on a vaster scale. These, however, are only conjectures. According to Prof. C. R. Downing's article in the New York *Herald* our positive knowledge on the subject extends only to this:

"Thus far we know the corona to be a sort of outer envelope, so shielding us from the intense solar light and heat that it may be said without exaggerating that the sun has never really been studied comprehensively. Within the corona is an ocean of gas five thousand miles deep, stained a ruby red by the crimson blaze of hydrogen. Flashes of flame leap from this ruddy mass often to a height of a hundred thousand miles and more."

Dissatisfaction over the "Bennington" Findings.—Among the exchanges that came to us last week we noticed a few journals that were inclined to criticize the findings of the Court of Inquiry into the *Bennington* disaster. They declared that Ensign Wade and his dead assistants were not the only ones to blame, and scored the Navy Department for placing such a young man as Ensign Wade in charge of the engine-room. The Minneapolis *Tribune* called Mr. Wade the "scapegoat of the *Bennington*"; and *The Army and Navy Register* (Washington) criticized the department's policy of restricting engineering appointments in the navy to graduates at Annapolis.

From the Washington despatches it appeared that Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte was also dissatisfied with the findings. In the Secretary's review of the case he went beyond the court and ordered Commander Lucien Young, of the *Bennington*, before a court-martial on a charge of neglect of duty. This action brought out a chorus of approval from the press. Mr. Bonaparte "showed that he, and not the system that caused the disaster, is to rule the Navy Department," declares the New York *Press*. The reversal of the court's findings, it adds, "is significant not of any attempt to shield an officer from blame that ought to attach to him, but of the purpose of the Secretary to fix the responsibility where it belongs."

Mr. Bonaparte disagrees with the court's finding that the ship was "in an excellent state of discipline," and declares that the enlisted force of the engineering division were lax and inattentive in the discharge of their duties.

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LETTERS AND ART.

A GRACIOUS INFLUENCE IN JUVENILE LITERATURE.

AS the author of books which have achieved wide popularity among the children of more than one country, and as the editor, since its inception in 1873, of *St. Nicholas*, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who died on the 21st of August at Onteora Park, has been for more than thirty years a potent and gracious influence in juvenile literature. "The extent of that influence," remarks the Chicago *Record-Herald*, "it is, of course, impossible to measure, but it was exercised with a gentle effectiveness upon successive thousands of little ones in the most impressionable period of life." Altho seventy-four years of age, Mrs. Dodge had her hand on the editorial tiller until within two weeks of her death; and only a year ago she published a volume of "Poems and Verses." It was in her magazine that the children of a generation ago first read and loved the delectable fairy stories of Frank R. Stockton; and it was there, too, that Palmer Cox's Brownies entered into their heritage. Mrs. Dodge's most widely known book, "Hans Brinker; or The Silver Skates," described by *The Evening Post* (New York) as "one of the most popular juvenile stories ever written," has been translated into French, German, Dutch, Russian, and Italian, and was awarded the Montheyon prize of the French Academy. In the volume, "Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes," we read that "when Mrs. Dodge's son, some years ago, asked in Amsterdam for the best and most popular Dutch story for boys and girls, the bookseller handed him—to his delighted surprise—a Dutch translation of 'Hans Brinker,' with the remark that the best book of the kind was by an American woman." Mrs. Dodge, remarks the Boston *Transcript*, "was our feminine Hans Christian Andersen"—referring, probably, more to the place she held in children's hearts than to the characteristic qualities of her stories.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

As author and editor her influence "was exercised with a gentle effectiveness upon successive thousands of little ones in the most impressionable period of life."

Her death leads *The Evening Post* to comment on our changed ideas as to the kind of literature suitable for youthful readers. It harks back to the time of Scott's boyhood, when young people were brought up on Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett. Of the period more immediately prior to the publication of "Hans Brinker," and of the influence of the latter book, we read further:

'We had been suffering from an excess of didactic literature for children—perhaps a reaction from the freedom, not to say naughtiness, of the eighteenth century. 'Sandford and Merton,' by Thomas Day, had led the way for hundreds of sermons and lessons of worldly wisdom in a thin disguise of narrative. In this country the 'Rollo' books by Abbott had carried the type to its logical development. For writing of this kind the Sunday-school libraries, then swiftly growing in every town and hamlet, formed a wide market. In the latter fifties William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic) had broken the mold by constructing stories of rapid movement, crammed with adventure. But his plots were mechanical and his heroes were preposterous youths of superhuman intelligence and heroism. In the same period Trowbridge was offering a far less distorted vision of the world. Mrs. Dodge shared with him the honor of showing that 'juvenile fiction' could contain plenty of action while the characters remained sane and convincing. Among contemporaries she stands closest to Louisa May Alcott. We do not forget that amusing skit, 'Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question,' when we say Mrs. Dodge lacks, perhaps, something of Miss Alcott's buoyancy and unflagging humor, and something also of Miss Alcott's sentimentality."

But it was as editor, rather than as author, *The Evening Post* asserts, that Mrs. Dodge rendered her best service:

"The *St. Nicholas* was founded in 1873, and soon absorbed *Our Young Folks*, for which John T. Trowbridge was then the star writer. In that golden era the *St. Nicholas* published several of Trowbridge's best tales, 'The Young Surveyor' and others of the 'Jack Hazard' series; Noah Brooks's 'Boy Emigrants,' Miss Alcott's 'Eight Cousins,' and some of the wittiest and most whimsical of Frank R. Stockton's short sketches. Surely that is a noble muster roll. Graybeards of forty will testify to the eagerness with which they awaited the mail that brought the *St. Nicholas*, to the gusto with which they plunged into the fresh instalment of Trowbridge or Miss Alcott, to the earnestness with which they begged to sit up a little later that night, and to the bright, troubled dreams in which they lived over the fascinating adventures. But in a day or two the magazine had been read from cover to cover, including the alluring advertisements of bargains in foreign stamps and jig-saws; and twenty-eight long days stretched away before the next issue. The boy or girl who never saw the *St. Nicholas* in the seventies and eighties was robbed of one of the legitimate joys of childhood. The vitality of those first numbers is proved by their hold upon a new generation. To-day our young people find in the old bound volumes quite as much delight as in the copies that fall fresh from the press—perhaps more."

More than once, in the editorial comment on Mrs. Dodge's death, is to be detected a note of wistfulness, of reminiscence mingled with regret for childhood's vanished point of view which made the coming of *St. Nicholas* an event. One writer surmises that "our children may, in their poor way, get as much out of life and literature as we did," but adds that "they will never know what they missed by being born twenty-five years late."

NATURE AND MAN IN HARDY'S NOVELS.

TO compare so dramatic a novelist as Thomas Hardy with so undramatic a poet as Wordsworth, admits Mr. H. W. Nevinson, may seem strange; but such a comparison, he urges, is nevertheless inevitable. The resemblance which Mr. Nevinson emphasizes (in his volume of essays, "Books and Personalities") has little to do with the obvious love of both for the face of external nature and their intimate knowledge of all her aspects, but is found rather in their view of man in his relation to nature. They both, moreover, seek among men of low estate that "aristocracy of passion" which has been described as the true patent of nobility. Says the writer: "Both love the mankind that lies close to the breast of earth, and is as truly sprung from her as the grass and trees." Furthermore, "in speaking of mankind they never lose sight of this ancient world, so full of strange history, so full of unconscious influences and associations which for generations have nurtured the children of men and form the setting of their lives." How this relationship of man to nature is brought out by Thomas Hardy the author indicates as follows:

"In all Thomas Hardy's work there is something of the grave simplicity of places, like his Wessex, where man has lived long in close relationship to earth and the seasons. Most of his characters have grown to be what they are by slow and gradual changes, like the woods or the surface of the downs. They are deep-rooted in far-off traditions of the generations which have passed and left them there. At first sight they may appear rather emotionless or at least stoical, as well as solid. Their interests and difficulties lie in the normal lot of mankind, as it was in the beginning and is now. They have the half-unconscious humor and deliberate speech of men who have time to observe the hours, and to whom the world

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has not been narrowed by journeys and removals through hurriedly shifted scenes. Amid all their drama of events we hear singularly little exclamation of joy or sorrow, and hardly any wailing or excessive grief. Little fuss is made over birth and death and the fortunes that may come between. The earth turns upon her ancient round, man appears upon her surface to run his course, and the eyes of the trilobite that died millions of years ago, stare from the rock into the eyes of the dying. . . . It is by the very quietude of their surroundings that Hardy secures success when the spirits of his creation strike up all of a sudden. For into this quiet atmosphere of ancient life he loves to introduce a soul touched from its birth by something alien, something that reaches out into a world of different experience, whether for delight or spiritual need. Deep in such souls lies some trace of precious but perilous substance, like the thin vein of gold which is not used for its own sake, and spoils the building stone for use. In all the four great tragedies we find it so—in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' 'The Return of the Native,' 'Tess,' and 'Jude'; and so it is in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' and 'The Hand of Ethelberta,' which come but little below those other four."

Commenting upon Lionel Johnson's remark that the one characteristic scene in Hardy "is the great down by night, with its dead in their ancient graves and its lonely living figure," he adds by way of amplification: "No writer has so penetrating a sense of place; the earth and sky which surround his men and women claim them as bone of their bone; but nevertheless, it is in that lonely living figure that the interest centers. Lonely, not merely in the face of nature, it moves, but lonely among its fellow men, impetuously seeking its true kin and its true star, time after time mistaken and beguiled, and seldom finding what it seeks, or finding it too early or too late." He continues:

"With a strength of construction that has rightly been called architectural, Hardy shows us the development of a soul like this. Character is fate, and link by link from its small beginning we see the fateful chain of character wrought out. The end is often sorrow, and the finer the workmanship, the deeper the gravity, and latterly the gloom. The tendency to the tragic side is nearly always felt, and it is noticeable how often the shadow of the gallows falls across the fields, like a cruel makeshift for some eternal justice. But part of Hardy's honor is that he disdains to put us off with any fool's paradise of easy solutions to life's problems. No Englishman since Wordsworth has heard the still, sad music of humanity with so fine an ear, and none has regarded the men and women of our country with a compassion so profound and yet so stern as they pass with tears and laughter between the graves and the stars."

THE VAGABOND AS A LITERARY TYPE.

JUST published in Paris is a volume of short stories by Maxim Gorky. The translator, Mr. Semenoff, writes a study of Gorky which occupies a third of the book and affords an analysis of the Russian vagabond in his influence on literature. Mr. Semenoff emphasizes a correspondence between the vagabond days of Gorky and of other Russian authors. Gorky, he asserts, was not the first to create the vagabond in Russian literature; but he was the first to make of this figure "a positive type, creative, almost apostolic."

Gorky was "revealed" to the French public in his masterly preface to "The Vagabonds," and since that time in France, as in some degree elsewhere, he passes as the exclusive exponent of the vagabond life, which he is supposed, if not to have invented, at least to have introduced into Russian literature. Controverting this view, Mr. Semenoff explains:

"The vagabond was and is still an essentially Russian type, peculiar to the not yet completely organized life of Russia—created, so to speak, by the conditions of his sorrowful march in the path of progress. . . . Call him, if you will, the 'superfluous man' of the forties (as depicted by Turgenef and others); view him as the representative of 'the Slavic soul' (of Voguë); present him as the 'ex-man,' etc., yet you have always the Russian vagabond.

Further dwelling on the Russian conditions which create this vagabond type, which we of the Occident know only as a survival, rapidly disappearing, of tramps or bohemians, the author asserts that it is common to all Russian literature, tho to Maxim Gorky has it fallen to exhibit it "before lettered humanity with great brilliancy."

It is easy to understand, he continues, why the opposite type is lacking in Russian literature. Republican liberty only makes possible a contrary type, the *type positif*, says Mr. Semenoff; it makes possible that inspired hymn of our unforgettable Zola, "Labor," as well as giving birth to Enjolras in "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo. Therefore, he reasons, we find in the treasures of Russian literature a gallery of "the best men, the best natures in the world, but vague theorizers, incapable of action, Russian Hamlets, 'superfluous men'—such as (to specify only a few)—Bezoukoff, Tolstoy, Iskander, Turgenef. But the types of fighters, men of action, who are the advance guard of their generation, who *lead* life, are hardly indicated. We find this rare type, Mr. Semenoff admits, in Rakhmetoff, a character from Tchernychevsky, or in some novel by Omulevsky. But he reminds us that these above-mentioned examples are forbidden in Russia! And if these positive types are presented at all clearly, he continues, they are pictured as foreigners or as caricatures.

Supporting this theory, he goes on to present Maxim Gorky as making the first perfectly successful attempt to show in Russian literature a positive type, a man who knows what he wants and where he is going. This man is Nil, from the novel whose subtitle is "Scenes from the Bezsemenoff Family." Nil, in company with the vagabond Tetereff, is the man long awaited. We read:

"Already, before he appears, from the first scene of the first act, Pauline, his betrothed, presents him in an interview with Tatiana Bezsemenoff: 'A man ought to know what he wants in this life,' says Pauline. 'And does Nil know?' Tatiana demands. With certainty Pauline answers: 'I can hardly explain as well as he can, but it is the bad people, wicked and greedy! He does not like them!' Tatiana, a little Hamlet in petticoats, is doubtful: 'Who is good? Who is bad?' 'Nil knows,' Pauline concludes, with conviction.

"Afterward we perceive Pierre, the brother of Tatiana, who in his undecided, theorizing nature is astonished at the enthusiasm of Nil in preaching energy and love of life. 'When you hear him,' continues Pierre, 'you begin to imagine a life which no one knows, a sort of fairy story, as one might imagine a rich aunt coming out from America, who appears and heaps all sorts of benefits upon you.'"

Mr. Semenoff goes on to tell of the overwhelming success of Gorky's play, "The Night Refuge," produced at the famous little Art Theater in Moscow. In this play he brought together a fair assortment of the vagabonds, failures, destitutes, scattered through his published pages and his wandering life. It was, condensed, the essence of his *wanderjahre*.

A writer in "Russian Speech," quoted by Mr. Semenoff, indicates the motif of the play. Each of these vagabonds has at last found a refuge, and there his fate logically overtakes him. We read:

"The ex-baron, for a glass of brandy, goes down on four feet and barks like a dog. The ex-telegraphist continues to trick the others. The girl is still wanton. The thief steals. And these all profit by each other. The baron drinks with the money of the girl. The actor drinks with the money of the thief. The thief is honored among the others. There is no one in the world better than the thief. Money comes easily to him.

"And into this refuge of putrefaction comes a ray of love and of generosity. A sermon on the sacred rights of man is heard. This utterance is that of an old tramp, Luke, who comes to the refuge. God knows whence he comes or whither he will go. He has seen much, lived much, suffered much; he speaks of Siberia; his soul has passed through a serious purgatory before becoming so crystal pure as we see it in the play. He brings with him a freshness of thought, the illumination of a divine principle; . . . his princi-

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ple of good is already realized, formed, palpable. . . . He loves all men equally.

"What follows? Nothing real. The wheel of life turns regularly, and in this hole of a cellar all goes on as usual. But no matter: in the darkness there was a moment when the sun shone with brilliancy. And a marvelous spectacle is presented to our gaze. Under the filth, the abjection, the horror, in this refuge, in spite of all the failures of the human derelicts, *man is living!*"

The solidarity of man, good and bad, the glorification of strength and of beauty, the necessity of harmonious thought embracing all manifestations of life, the effort toward the suppression of certain narrow formulas of life for the benefit of forms more just and comprehensive—this, says Mr. Semenoff, is the final fruitage of the vagabond root in Russian literature.

It is thus, he concludes, that we learn to understand the cry, "*Vive l'homme!*" of Maxim Gorky.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A DECADENT REVIVAL.

WE hear of a revival of interest, especially marked in Germany, in the school of English Decadents that flourished during the last years of the nineteenth century. Of this school was Ernest Christopher Dowson, whose collected poems, with an illuminating memoir and appreciation by Arthur Symons, have been recently published in England and America. Mr. Symons's record of Dowson's brief life—he was thirty-three when he died—sets before us the picture of a physically frail young man who elected to walk in the mire, but who walked nevertheless with a certain poignant aloofness of spirit. "A soul 'unspotted from the world,' in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; that improbability," writes Mr. Symons, "is what all who knew him saw in Dowson, as his youthful physical grace gave way year by year, and the personal charm underlying it remained unchanged." His death, continues the same critic, will mean very little to the world at large, "but it will mean a great deal to the few people who care passionately for poetry." His literary output was slight in quantity, consisting of three tiny volumes of verse—"Verses," published in 1896, "The Pierrot of a Minute" (1897), and "Decorations," published after his death in 1900—and "Dilemmas," a volume of prose which he described as "stories and studies in sentiment." Yet in his few "evasive, immaterial snatches of song," Mr. Symons finds, "implied for the most part, hidden away like a secret, all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal impetus of genius." A half dozen of Dowson's poems, says *The Daily Graphic* (London) "take their place among the most exquisite poems of their generation." As "perfect expressions of an imperfect but prevailing mood," it adds, "they will live beyond the Victorian age from which they have arisen in a last sigh." *The Scotsman* laments him as "a genuine poet," tho "not in the English tradition." His poem to "Cynara" is characterized by Mr. Symons as "one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time." The last two stanzas are as follows:

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

ERNEST CHRISTOPHER DOWSON.

"He died young, . . . leaving a little verse which has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old."

Born in 1867, Ernest Dowson died in 1900. In the introduction to the volume of Dowson's collected poems Mr. Symons thus analyzes his personality:

"To Dowson, as to all those who have not been 'content to ask unlikely gifts in vain,' nature, life, destiny, whatever one chooses to call it, that power which is strength to the strong, presented itself as a barrier against which all one's strength only served to dash one to more hopeless ruin. He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamors for nothing. He was a child, clamoring for so many things, all impossible. With a body too weak for ordinary existence, he desired all the enchantments of all the senses. With a soul too shy to tell its own secret, except in exquisite evasions, he desired the boundless confidence of love. . . . Dowson had exquisite sensibility, he vibrated in harmony with every delicate emotion; but he had no outlook, he had not the escape of intellect. His only escape, then, was to plunge into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. The more he soiled himself at that gross contact, the further would he seem to be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world."

His literary affinities were Swinburne and Paul Verlaine; but more particularly the latter; for, says Mr. Reid, "nothing could very well be further from Mr. Swinburne's vehemence, redundancy, and lack of restraint, than the exquisite, half-shy, just a little self-conscious art of Ernest Dowson." His poetic quality is analyzed more minutely by Mr. Symons:

"He was quite Latin in his feeling for youth, and death, and 'the old age of roses,' and the pathos of our little hour in which to live and love; Latin in his elegance, reticence, and simple grace in the treatment of these motives; Latin, finally, in his sense of their sufficiency for the whole of one's mental attitude. He used the commonplaces of poetry frankly, making them his own by his belief in them: the Horatian Cynara or Neobule was still the natural symbol for him when he wished to be most personal. I remember his saying to me that his ideal of a line of verse was the line of Poe:

"The viol, the violet, and the vine;"

and the gracious, not remote or unreal beauty, which clings about such words and such images as these, was always to him the true poetical beauty. There never was a poet to whom verse came more naturally, for the song's sake; his theories were all esthetic, almost technical ones, such as a theory, indicated by his preference for the line of Poe, that the letter 'v' was the most beautiful of the letters, and could never be brought into verse too often. For any more abstract theories he had neither tolerance nor needs Poetry as a philosophy did not exist for him; it existed solely as the loveliest of the arts. He loved the elegance of Horace, all that was most complex in the simplicity of Poe, most bird-like in the human melodies of Verlaine. He had the pure lyric gift, unweighted or unballasted by any other quality of mind or emotion; and a song, for him, was music first, and then whatever you please afterward, so long as it suggested, never told, some delicate sentiment, a sigh or a caress."

This leads the literary critic of *The Evening Post* to remark:

"Mr. Symons compares Dowson's note with that of others; naturally, however, he does not point to his own verse as the closest

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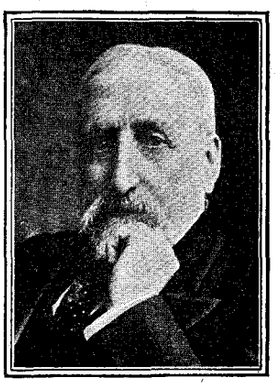
parallel in English. The mood and manner of the two poets is often the same, but there is in Mr. Symons's own work a tone of cynical indifference to anything beyond the artistic content which is entirely lacking in the best of Dowson's poems. In reality Dowson had but a single theme—the *vitæ summa brevis*—which he repeats over and over in slender but exquisite tones."

Ernest Dowson, concludes Mr. Symons, died obscure, "having ceased to care even for the delightful labor of writing." He died young, "worn out by what was never really life to him, leaving a little verse which has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old."

USEFUL BOOKS ON RUSSIA.*

THE intelligent reader who would obtain a clear idea of Russia of to-day, must stand appalled at the number and variety of works discussing Russian life in all its phases. Since the outbreak of the war with Japan, and more particularly during the past few months, the output has been increasing with great rapidity, books of all sorts and conditions jostling one another, and for the most part professing, sometimes with hysterical shrillness, to lay bare the secrets of the Land of Riddles in such wise that even he who reads as he runs may understand. Now and again we come upon a really judicial study, such as a Leroy-Beaulieu, a Drage or a Skrine might have made, but in the main the more recent contributions issue from Russophobes or Russophiles who ply the pen with an assiduity equalled only by the intensity of their prejudices. The inevitable result is to lead the student to depend wholly on the standard guides of the past. But events have of late moved so speedily and along such unexpected paths, that the writers of yesterday are not altogether safe guides for to-day; so that reference must be had to the newer books and a diligent effort be made to separate the wheat from the chaff.



SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE.

Of recent general treatises unquestionably the most authoritative and most informative is Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia." The older generation is already familiar with this work, for it originally appeared so long ago as 1877. But the present and much enlarged edition, continuing the survey to within the present year, may fairly be said to constitute a new book, so thorough and careful is the revision and so exhaustive the exploration of the later as well as the earlier conditions and movements. Even in respect to this eminently calm, objective, and encyclopedic work, however, a word of caution is necessary. As expressed by the New York *Sun*: "It gives a fair view of all Russian matters from the standpoint of one who acquiesces in the existing order of things, and not of one who wishes to have them changed according to the standards of other lands."

Sir Donald Wallace can not, indeed, be called a Russophile in the strict meaning of the term; nor is he blind to the necessity for radical reforms. But he assuredly takes inadequate account of certain causes underlying the now prolonged crisis, and as a consequence his pages present a somewhat brighter picture of latter-day Russian life than the facts warrant. To correct and supplement this we should suggest, from among the books hot from the presses, the new and cheap edition of Leo Deutsch's "Sixteen Years in Siberia," the thrilling but well-restrained narrative which has done so much to throw light on Russian penal methods and institutions; or Mr. Perris's "Russia in Revolution." The latter, while aiming at a well-rounded account of the history of the revolutionary movement of the past half-century, is especially significant for its personal recitals of the experiences of those who have felt the long arm of Russian law or, as Mr. Perris would prefer to say, Russian lawlessness.

Taken severally, each of these is impressive; taken collectively, they constitute an indictment which nothing can explain away. As a historical monograph, however, Mr. Perris's book has obvious shortcomings. The London *Times* properly criticizes it on the ground that "the author's sympathies are entirely on the side of the revolutionists, in whom he has the most absolute confidence; but he is rather one-sided in his judgments in consequence, and he sees Russia only from the point of view of the extremists," and adds that "it is a pity that Mr. Perris has not produced a more systematic account of the rise and progress of Russian Liberalism, instead of a series of detached notes which fail to explain the situation satisfactorily." Similarly, the New York *Evening Post* deems the author's vision defective, "in consequence of his prejudice against nearly everything in Russia in its present form." But, in the last analysis, *The Post* concedes that "on the whole, he has performed well a difficult task, and his book, subject to the cautions we have suggested, may be recommended as both important and useful." With this we heartily agree. Read by itself "Russia in Revolution" is apt to mislead the uninformed; but read in connection with such a work as Sir Donald Wallace's "Russia" it holds a sound claim to consideration.

Another useful book, subject to certain reservations, is the symposium entitled "The Case of Russia," the work of five writers of authority, and dealing with such themes as the expansion of Russia, the peoples of Russia, the Russian autocracy and the religious sects of Russia. The majority of the papers comprising the volume were first published some few years ago, and as no attempt has been made to bring them into accord with subsequent developments some writers have not hesitated to affirm, with the New York *Times*, that "most of the matter is somewhat vitiated" by the passage of time. This is certainly true of the initial essay, Alfred Rambaud's study of Russian expansion, which, as the New York *Globe* puts it, "is strewn with statements that no longer hold good and prophetic hints that ill comport with subsequent events." It is also, tho only in a measure, true of M. Novicow's psychological study of the Russians. But in no sense has the passage of time vitiated his keen analysis of the characteristics of his fellow countrymen. Nor can the criticism stand as respects the remaining papers, which include a luminous portraiture of the Slav in America, written by Dr. Peter Roberts who, as the readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST are well aware, has made the intimate acquaintance of the Slavonic mine workers in the anthracite districts of Pennsylvania. More forceful is the objection taken to the bias displayed by nearly all the writers who, further, not infrequently touch on the same themes from sharply different points of view, with the result that, in the words of *The Outlook*, "they at times betray divergencies of opinion which it is impossible to reconcile." The reader is thus obliged to be constantly on the alert. But reading with an open as with a critical mind, he should not be long in discovering, with the San Francisco *Examiner* that "here is a book of intelligent discussion of Russia."

A diametrically opposite conclusion should, with equal celerity be reached in the case of Carl Joubert's "Russia as It Really Is," which, one is tempted to believe, might be more aptly named "Russia as it Really Isn't," and this despite the author's boasted sojourn of nine years in the Muscovite Empire and his declaration that he knows the country so well that he can speak its language better than that of the land from which he hails. A voluminous writer on Russian affairs, Mr. Joubert is nothing if not sensational, and in the present volume he appears to have outdone himself. Opening with the sweeping statement that all hitherto published books discussing the Russia of to-day "are written from the point of view either of the traveler, or of the alien politician who seeks to demonstrate the effects of Russian expansion on the policy of his own particular country," and promising "to give a true and faithful account of the present state of the Russian Empire," he proceeds to devote more than half his space to the story of a Henry Landoresque exploit of his own in rescuing a "political" from Siberia, and the remainder to a savage onslaught on existing Russian institutions, an onslaught in which even the bitterest of Russophobes must detect either ignorance or malice. "A book to be taken with several grains of salt," smiles the Philadelphia *Ledger*, while the New York *Evening Post* is at unnecessary pains to point out the errors and absurdities with which it abounds. The Chicago *Post*, strange to say, avers that "his observations and his conclusions are of great weight, and his book provides a very vivid picture of

*"Russia." By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O. Cloth, 672 pp. Price, $5. Henry Holt & Co.

"Sixteen Years in Siberia." By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. Cloth, 376 pp. Illustrated. Price, $2 net. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Russia in Revolution." By G. H. Perris. Cloth, 359 pp. Illustrated. Price, $3 net. Brentano's.

"The Case of Russia." A Composite View. By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Simkovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. Cloth, 387 pp. Price, $1.25. Fox, Duffield & Co.

"Russia As It Really Is." By Carl Joubert. Cloth, 300 pp. Price, $2 net. J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Russia From Within." By Alexandar Ular. Cloth, 290 pp. Price, 8s. 6d. William Heinemann.

"Russia." By Théophile Gautier and other French Travelers and Writers of Note. Two volumes. Cloth, 483 pp., 461 pp. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Company.

"Russia, The Land of the Great White Czar." By E. C. Phillips (Mrs. Horace B. Looker). Cloth, 186 pp. Illustrated. Price, $1. Cassell & Co.

"Russian Literature." By P. Kropotkin. Cloth, 341 pp. Price, $2 net. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"The Russian Peasantry." By Stepniak. Cloth, 651 pp. Price, $1.25 net. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Japan Russian War." By Sidney Tyler. Cloth, 554 pp. Illustrated. P. W. Ziegler Company.

"The Campaign with Kuropatkin." By Douglas Story. Cloth, 301 pp. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Company.

"The Yellow War." By "O." Cloth, 302 pp. Illustrated. Price, $1.20 net. McClure, Phillips & Co.

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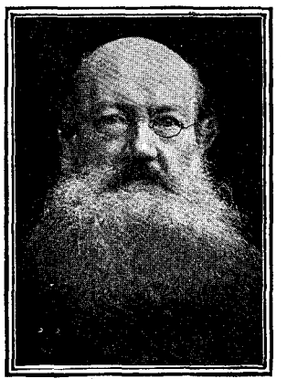
Russian life, and a very suggestive comment on Russian problems, while the Boston *Transcript* more guardedly remarks that "there is a certain compelling force about his work that convinces one that he believes what he writes and that his descriptions of affairs are the result of first-hand knowledge." For ourselves, we fail to find any sufficient reason for the publication, much less the perusal, of "Russia as It Really Is."

We should come to the same conclusion regarding Alexander Ular's "Russia from Within," were it not that with all his extravagant generalizations and fantastic overstatements, Mr. Ular provides some abstractions and numerous concrete illustrations which cast really illuminating side-lights on his important subject, aiding not a little in bringing about proper appreciation of the psychological as well as the material causes of the present state of chaos. Like Mr. Perris, Mr. Ular dwells on the personal factor in the problem, but unlike Mr. Perris he makes the reigning dynasty and the bureaucracy the chief objects of his attention, his aim being to show that mentally, morally, and physically the recent rulers of Russia have been incapable of aught but misrule, and that their incapacity is the result of heredity more than environment.

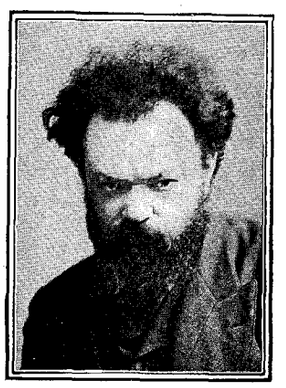


PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

In other words, Mr. Ular finds the ultimate cause of the crisis of to-day in the "astounding pathological history" of the monarchs who have succeeded Peter III. on the throne. In endeavoring to maintain his thesis he shows himself in many ways an extremist of extremists but, exaggeration and flamboyance being duly discounted, his book is valuable as giving a vivid picture of the depressing moral influences exercised on the nation. On the material side, likewise, as was noted above, it is not devoid of usefulness. Perhaps more clearly than any of the other writers under review, Mr. Ular shows how the industrial development effected by Mr. Witte's high protection policy has created the two new forces—"the capitalist bourgeoisie and the artisan proletariat"—now imbuing the revolutionary movement with a hitherto unknown strength

A book of quite different order from those just mentioned, is a two volume symposium translated from the French of Théophile Gautier, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu and other writers. It contains, to be sure, articles on the Eastern Question, on the "mir," on the language, literature, and art of Russia, and on the Russian army and navy; but it is, properly speaking, a book of travel, by far the greater proportion of the space being given over to a description of Russia by Théophile Gautier and of Siberia by Jules Legras. Manners, customs, fashions, upper-class life in all its phases of easy enjoyment, the architectural beauties of the leading cities, their social institutions and art repositories – of such is the subject-matter chiefly composed. It is further to be observed that the chapters translated from Gautier deal with the Russia not of to-day but of Alexander II.'s time. The symposium, nevertheless, is both entertaining and informing, and may be commended for supplementary reading. Typographically, it presents a highly attractive appearance. It is printed from clear type on good paper, is of a size convenient to handle, and is superbly illustrated.

A book along somewhat similar lines, but intended primarily for juvenile readers, is Mrs. Horace B. Looker's "Russia, the Land of the Great White Czar." In this little volume Mrs. Looker tells in an interesting way the story of the education and home life of two young Russian boys, and contrives to interweave much solid information about Russian history, cities, and customs, one of the special features of her narrative being a simple but graphic account of the Crimean War. As the Buffalo *Courier* says, "There is little of the horror of prison life depicted in this narrative, most unpleasant topics being carefully avoided." The Boston *Transcript's* verdict, in which we acquiesce, is that "when the young reader shall have finished the book, he will have learned a great deal of this great country, which is just now apparently at the opening of a new day."



SERGIUS STEPNIAK.

Among recent books on special themes mention should be made of Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature" and of the new and low-priced edition of Stepniak's well-known "The Russian Peasantry." The latter work, though discussing conditions of twenty years and more ago, is of perennial interest, and few books have been of such service in bringing to the attention of the outside world the degraded condition of the emancipated serfs. In its present form it should enjoy an ever-widening audience. Although the author was a revolutionary of the most pronounced type, it is the peculiar feature of this book, to borrow the phrase of the Boston *Transcript*, that it "is not at all, save inferentially, a plea for Nihilism."

Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature" is another book well worth careful study. The consensus of critical opinion is expressed in the New York *Tribune's* statement that "it gives us a concise but sufficiently comprehensive survey of the subject, and in doing so it not merely makes us better acquainted with certain men of letters, but throws interesting light on the soul of Russia." The St. Louis Globe-Democrat terms it "a veritable mine, which ought to do much toward bringing about a better understanding of the Russian people." The New York *Sun* regards it as "scientific in conception and performance." "Prince Kropotkin," the *Dial* concludes, "has given us a work of absorbing interest, colored, no doubt, by his own political philosophy, but discriminating and profound in its judgment of æsthetic values."

A few words remain to be said concerning three "war" books—Sidney Tyler's "The Japan-Russia War," Douglas Story's "The Campaign with Kuropatkin," and "O"'s "The Yellow War." The first-named of these is a readable chronicle of the Russo-Japanese War from its inception to the destruction of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's ill-starred squadron. But it is nothing more than a chronicle, and it is amusing to find its publishers solemnly stating their conviction that "it will not be equalled by any of the hosts of volumes destined to be written of this memorable war." Mr. Story's contribution is on a somewhat higher plane. It is not altogether happily named, however. After discovering that the Japanese—for whom he displays the heartiest dislike—were determined to curb the exuberant spirit of the war correspondent, Mr. Story hastened to the Russian camp, only to learn that the war correspondent was likewise *persona non grata* there. Nevertheless, he was permitted to remain and to campaign not so much "with" as "behind"—and generally, it would seem, a good distance behind – Kuropatkin. As a consequence his book contains much about the country traversed, comrades of march and camp-fire, and similar topics, but remarkably little about the "campaign" in its strictly military relations.

The work's most striking feature, indeed, is its extremely eulogistic word-pictures of the Russian army officers, collectively and individually. The New York *Evening Journal* describes it as merely "good, readable newspaper 'copy,'" and adds that "no reason why it should be preserved in permanent form suggests itself." The Indianapolis *Star*, on the contrary, believes that "one gets an excellent impression of the general situation among the Russians in Manchuria and of the environment of war." The Boston *Transcript* recognizes the partizanship, but argues that "it is impossible for one to mingle with people day after day, sharing their dangers and privations day by day, accepting their hospitality and good fellowship, and not cherish a strong sympathy for them and a feeling that their enemies are his enemies."

If the actualities of battle are not revealed in "The Campaign with Kuropatkin" to the extent the title would suggest, no complaint on this score can be raised against "The Yellow War" series of grimly realistic pastels, every one of which gives lurid emphasis to Sherman's famous dictum. Through this little book, the St. James's *Gazette* declares, "the sounds of battle and sudden death ring in the reader's ears," while the London Daily *News*, writing in the same vein, finds that "the author calls up the very sights and sounds of conflict, the crash of the shells, the hoarse cheers of the forlorn-hope, the great ships as they crash their way through the Yellow Sea, the vision of the search-light stabbing the darkness around the doomed fortress." "These sketches of war-scenes in the great conflict between Russia and Japan," says *The Outlook*, "are remarkable for their vividness and intensity." "Unusual, strong, and individual," is the opinion of the Brooklyn *Times*, an opinion from which there appears to be no dissenting voice. Not all the critics, however, recognize the fact that in addition to its significance as a mirror of the horrors of war, "O's" book has a distinct interpretative value. This applies especially to the sketch, "The Path in the East is Strange," a successful attempt to reveal, and impress indelibly on the mind, the secret of the strength of Japan.

FROM statistics recently published it appears that 1,500 papers are published in Berlin, that is to say, a third of all the papers that are issued in the German empire. The London *Academy* classifies some of these papers, and compares the output with that of London. We read: "Fifty of these are political and are published every day (against thirty-three in London); thirty have a circulation that is chiefly confined to the suburbs, and it is characteristic of these that they are written with the minuteness and familiarity of style which distinguishes a village chronicle, so that to the reader it seems as if every one is occupied in observing the doings of his neighbor. There are sixty humorous and satirical journals and thirty-eight dedicated to music and the stage. Forty are published to champion women's rights. In comparing these statistics with those of the London press, the advantage in point of numbers is decidedly with Berlin."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

NATURAL SELECTION IN THE INORGANIC WORLD.

MUCH interest has been aroused by Prof. George Howard Darwin's presidential address before the British Association, at the recent meeting of that famous body in Cape Town, South Africa. Professor Darwin, who succeeds Mr. Balfour as president of the association, is the second son of the late Charles Darwin, the author of "The Origin of Species." This relationship gives special significance to the subject of his address, evolutionary speculation as applied to the inorganic world—speculation which has received new impulse and direction since the discovery of the radioactive metals.

Referring to the lack of finality in any scientific theory, Professor Darwin urges that "we should not totally reject one or other of two rival theories on the ground that they seem, with our present knowledge, mutually inconsistent, for it is likely that both may contain important elements of truth." "We may liken the facts on which theories of evolution are based," he adds, "to a confused heap of beads, from which a keen-sighted searcher after truth picks out and strings together a few which happen to catch his eye, as possessing certain resemblances." Prior to the formulation of the theory of natural selection, "theories of evolution in both realms of nature were partial and discontinuous, and the chains of facts were correspondingly short and disconnected." Examining the disordered mass of facts before him in the light of natural selection, the naturalist, says Professor Darwin, was enabled to go far in deducing order where chaos had ruled before, "but the problem of reducing the heap to perfect order will probably baffle the ingenuity of the investigator for ever." While admitting that the theory of natural selection has needed modification since it was first formulated by Charles Darwin and Wallace, the professor claims that "the general principle holds its place firmly as a permanent acquisition to modes of thought." He then proceeds to apply the theory in the inorganic world.

From the report of his address as published in the London *Times* we quote the following passages:

"The fundamental idea in the theory of natural selection is the persistence of those types of life which are adapted to their surrounding conditions, and the elimination by extermination of ill-adapted types. The struggle for life among forms possessing a greater or less degree of adaptation to slowly varying conditions is held to explain the gradual transmutation of species. Altho a different phraseology is used when we speak of the physical world, yet the idea is essentially the same. . . . In the world of life the naturalist describes those forms which persist as species; similarly the physicist speaks of stable configurations or modes of motion of matter; and the politician speaks of States. The idea at the base of all these conceptions is that of stability, or the power of resisting disintegration. In other words, the degree of persistence or permanence of a species, of a configuration of matter, or of a State depends on the perfection of its adaptation to its surrounding conditions. . . . The physicist, like the biologist and the historian, watches the effect of slowly varying external conditions; he sees the quality of persistence of stability gradually decaying until it vanishes, when there ensues what is called in politics a revolution.

"These considerations lead me to express a doubt whether biologists have been correct in looking for continuous transformation of species. Judging by analogy, we should rather expect to find slight continuous changes occurring during a long period of time, followed by a somewhat sudden transformation into a new species, or by rapid extinction. . . . . .

"The time-scale in the transmutation of species of animals is furnished by the geological record, altho it is not possible to translate that record into years. As we shall see hereafter, the time needed for a change of type in atoms and molecules may be measured by millionths of a second, while in the history of the stars continuous changes occupy millions of years. Notwithstanding this gigantic contrast in speed, yet the process involved seems to be essentially the same. It is hardly too much to assert that, if the conditions which determine stability of motion could be accurately formulated throughout the universe, the past history of the cosmos and its future fate would be unfolded."

But from such a state of knowledge, Professor Darwin admits, we stand indefinitely far removed. Turning to a consideration of natural selection in its relation to the atom, he says:

"Natural selection may seem, at first siggt, as remote as the poles asunder from the ideas of the alchemist, yet dissociation and transmutation depend on the instability and regained stability of the atom, and the survival of the stable atom depends on the principal of natural selection. Until some ten years ago the essential diversity of the chemical elements was accepted by the chemist as an ultimate fact, and, indeed, the very name of atom, or that which can not be cut, was given to what was supposed to be the final indivisible portion of matter. The chemist thus proceeded in much the same way as the biologist who, in discussing evolution, accepts the species as his working unit. Accordingly until recently the chemist discussed working models of matter of atomic structure, and the vast edifice of modern chemistry has been built with atomic bricks.

"But within the last few years the electrical researches of Lenard, Roentgen, Becquerel, the Curies, of my colleagues Larmor and Thomson, and of a host of others, have shown that the atom is not indivisible, and a flood of light has been thrown thereby on the ultimate constitution of matter. . . . It has been shown, then, that the atom, previously supposed to be indivisible, really consists of a large number of component parts. By various convergent lines of experiment it has been proved that the simplest of all atoms—namely, that of hydrogen—consists of about 800 separate parts; while the number of parts in the atom of the denser metals must be counted by tens of thousands. These separate parts of the atom have been called corpuscles or electrons, and may be described as particles of negative electricity. It is paradoxical, yet true, that the physicist knows more about these ultra-atomic corpuscles and can more easily count them than is the case with the atoms of which they form the parts. The corpuscles, being negatively electrified, repel one another just as the hairs on a person's head mutually repel one another when combed with a vulcanite comb. The mechanism is as yet obscure whereby the mutual repulsion of the negative corpuscles is restrained from breaking up the atom, but a positive electrical charge, or something equivalent thereto, must exist in the atom, so as to prevent disruption. The existence in the atom of this community of negative corpuscles is certain, and we know further that they are moving with speeds which may in some cases be comparable to the velocity of light, namely, 200,000 miles a second. But the mechanism whereby they are held together in a group is hypothetical."

THE SPIDER AS AN ENGINEER.

FROM the standpoint of a practical engineer, the spider's web and its construction, regarded as a skilful assemblage of strong, elastic cables, is described by Mr. Maurice Koechlin, administrative director of the Société de Constructions of Levallois-Perret, France, in an article contributed to *La Nature* (Paris). In the first place, the writer bids us note, if we compare the dimensions of the spider's web to its own diminutive size, we are forced to recognize that the little creature is really an engineer, who builds a huge network of cables. Strand after strand is put in place in the desired and necessary order, and sometimes long observation is necessary to enable the student to understand the reasons that govern the spider in her complex maneuvers and cause her to follow always the same order and the same laws. Some of these reasons are geometrical, while some have to do with the resistance of materials, and he who succeeds in discovering, in the method, the wherefore of so many interesting details, is obliged to confess that even if he had the spiders' thread at his disposal he could not do as well as she. Mr. Koechlin goes on:

"A great principle never forgotten by the spider is that she must always spin behind her a thread that will enable her to find again

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the points that she has left; this serves at once as her guiding thread for return, and as the road on which she travels. A consequence of this rule is that the starting-point, the center of the first operations, must be at the top of the web, and often higher still, so as to dominate the whole. From this point the explorer lets herself down, suspended from her inseparable thread, balances herself, and if she does not find the sought-for point, climbs back along the thread which she absorbs in ascending. There are necessarily experiments at first, some useless threads, and others that serve as false work, but never is an auxiliary cable left in the finished web."

These difficulties, of course, exist only in the original web, which serves as a framework for its successors in the same situation, the old or useless parts being carefully removed. The spider carefully tests each thread, renewing or repairing them where necessary. The threads that must stand the greatest strain are made largest, and a breakage is never seen. In general a net serves for one day only, as the threads quickly lose their strength and elasticity. It is replaced every morning, except when the spider has provisions for a day in advance, or when she has grown old and sluggish. The net is always adapted to the spider's size, growing as she herself grows, from infancy to maturity. Mr. Koechlin goes on to say:

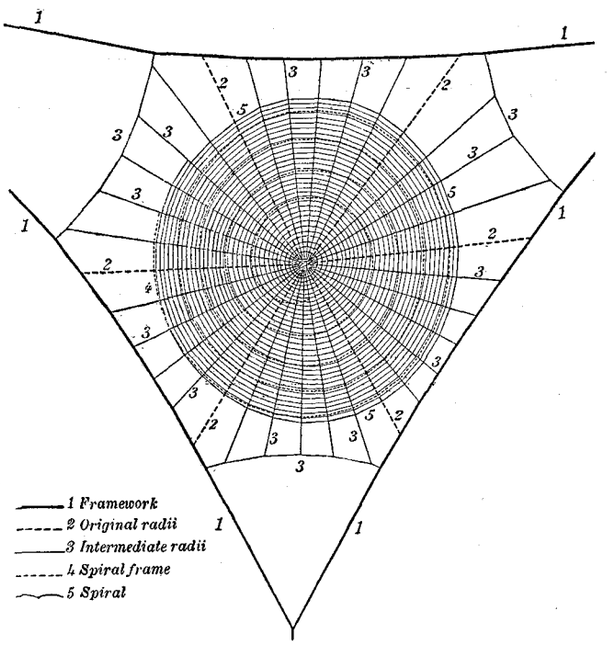

DIAGRAM OF A SPIDER'S WEB.

"If we compare the dimensions of the spider's web to its own diminutive size, we are forced to recognize that the little creature is really an engineer, who builds a huge network of cables."

"Let us take up the construction of the web from the placing of the frame. It would seem most practical, after placing the first transverse cable to proceed around the center, placing the radii in order, but in this way the tension would be uneven, so the little engineer adopts a more rational method. She places first several radii—five, for example—equally spaced around the circle, and then she fills the intervals with numerous intermediary threads, taking care, as she proceeds, to balance each with one diametrically opposite to it. . . . The operator strives to preserve always the same angle between consecutive radii; this obliges her to make a calculation, for in attaching the threads to one of the lines of the frame they are inclined to it more and more and the distances of the points of attachment follow a geometric law which the operator fails not to follow, sometimes with mathematical exactitude. . . . . .

"When all the radii are in place, the worker returns to the center and touches the threads one by one, as if counting them, but really she is seeing whether one may not be wanting; and when she finds that, by mistake, too great a space has been left anywhere, she fills it with a supplementary thread. . . . When, by reason of the obliquity of the framework the radii become too long the spider makes a new transverse line of attachment. The last part of the work, the long spiral, demands patience, for it turns about the center of the web a great number of times, and each spire must be fastened to all the radii. The latter, owing to their elasticity, are very mobile and they must therefore be held in place. As a seamstress, when putting together two pieces of cloth, begins by basting them at the principal points of contact, so the spider makes a provisional spiral with large turns, which aids her in putting in the permanent spiral, and which is removed later."

Besides those already noted, we are told, other precautions are necessary to insure equal tension and to keep the radii straight. The spider places a foot on the preceding spire to regulate the distance of the following one, while her forelegs hold the radii to which the spiral must be fastened, and one hind leg regulates the tension of the thread. While performing this task she rests at regular intervals, taking up the work exactly where she left off.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

HOW TO CHEW AND HOW TO SWALLOW.

IF there is terror in the unknown, then surely Mr. Hubert Higgins uses at least two awe-inspiring words when he asks, in *The Lancet*, "Is man poltophagic or psomophagic?" He proceeds at once, however, to relieve his readers by volunteering the information that in the Greek language "poltos" signifies porridge and "psomos" a morsel; so that the two words of his question mean respectively "porridge-eating" and "morsel-eating." According to Mr. Higgins, a poltophagic animal is one that swallows its food in a soft or mushy condition, while a psomophagic creature disposes of it in large fragments. The question is therefore whether man masticates his food as much as he should. In a review of Mr. Higgins's article, a contributor to *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York) says:

"Some years ago Mr. Horace Fletcher and Mr. E. H. van Someren conducted an investigation into the subject upon which Sir Michael Foster reported as follows: 'The adoption of the habit of thorough insalivation of food was found, in a consensus of opinion, to have an immediate and very striking effect upon appetite, making this more discriminating and leading to the choice of a more simple dietary, and, in particular, reducing the craving for flesh food. The appetite, too, is beyond all question fully satisfied with a dietary which had a total considerably less in amount than with ordinary habits is demanded.' There is thus a prima facie case for consideration of the relative merits of the two methods of eating.

"It appears that the pharyngeal anatomy of the poltophagic is different from that of the psomophagic varieties of animal. For instance, the horse, which may be regarded as a typical poltophagist, has a soft palate which is thick and muscular, and extends centrally well down in front of the large and rounded epiglottis. This arrangement is of course well adapted to the swallowing of the long, fusiform, semi-solid masses with which it is called upon to deal. How closely the soft palate is related to the tongue and epiglottis in the horse is shown by the inability of this animal to breathe through its mouth. The dog, on the other hand, is a type of the psomophagist. In this creature the soft palate is a thin, translucent membrane, almost devoid of muscle fibers, which seems to serve no other purposes than that of a valve to close the posterior nares during the act of deglutition; the opening of the pharynx is large, and the epiglottis pointed and thin. 'The well-known fact that the dog laps water shows that it lacks the power of suction by the soft palate.'"

Mr. Higgins holds that man is a poltophagist. He has succeeded in recording the voluntary movements of the soft palate in man and illustrates the poltophagic method of mastication and deglutition by tracing the course of events when a piece of currant cake is chewed and swallowed in this way. After some mastication has taken place, the following is the sequence of events:

"As the starch is converted into dextrose it is dissolved by the saliva. From time to time samples of the fluid contents of the anterior buccal cavity are withdrawn (by the action of the soft palate and tongue) into the buccal passage, where it passes on to

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the posterior buccal cavity. When sufficient has collected a swallowing impulse is excited. . . . When the process of mastication and deglutition is completed there is nothing left but some almost dry currant skins and stones."

The writer of the notice goes on to say:

"It is claimed that by the establishment of poltophagic habits of eating the appetite becomes well defined at the commencement of a meal, and ceases definitely at the end; that is to say, there is no unholy hankering after nuts and wine or preserved fruits; there is marked increase in the pleasure of eating; the taste for simple food becomes pronounced, and preferences for particular chemical elements of the simple dietary are more defined; the feces are lessened in amount and become odorless; the large intestine becomes smaller, and the feces tend to remain longer in the bowel. 'In all cases it can be said that there is an extraordinary change in the general health, much more joy of living, increased power of work, and freedom from the infinitely troublesome concomitants of chronic illness.'

"Reduced to its simplest terms poltophagy seems to be second cousin to vegetarianism, and will, no doubt, claim its adherents like every other innovation. Those who are well will probably laugh at it, while those who are dissatisfied with their state of health will equally probably try the new method and feel better. The truth would seem to be that the sedentary human being requires alteratives at intervals, whether they be medicinal or dietetic or administered in the form of a change of scene or of occupation; and if a man is unable to take a holiday at a time when he is afflicted with the minor but very real discomforts which lead him to say in the common phrase that he does not 'feel fit,' he may well do worse than attempt the new art of eating which has been described above."

RADIOBES BEFORE BURKE.

THAT Burke's "radiobe" experiments were performed as early as last autumn by a French biologist, Raphael Dubois, Professor of Physiology at the University of Lyons, is asserted in *L'Illustration* (Paris). According to this journal Professor Dubois described his investigations in a paper read at the formal reopening of his university, November 3, 1904. *L'Illustration's* description of the French experiment, showing how curiously like it was Mr. Burke's, is as follows:

"He laid a little crystal of chlorid of barium and one of radium, with all due antiseptic precautions upon a gelatin-culture broth. In the nutritious jelly he soon saw appear a considerable quantity of little corpuscles, which quickly sank in the depths and increased in volume. These corpuscles so closely resembled a culture of microbes that Mr. Laveran, the eminent pathologist, to whom Mr. R. Dubois showed one of his tubes at the Society of Biology, at once said: 'Why, it is mold!' It was not mold, however, but granulation. Certain of these granulations began to part, to subdivide in two. Photographs of these bodies in fission were, at another meeting of the same society, shown to another *savant* of high standing, Mr. Henneguy, Professor of Cytology at the College of France. And Mr. Henneguy declared: 'One would really think one was looking at frog's eggs in process of fission.' These two answers sufficiently show how closely the granulations obained by Mr. Dubois resemble animate matter.

"These granulations can be produced without radium, with chlorid of barium alone; but there is chemical similarity between barium and radium. They have not an indefinite duration, according to Mr. Dubois's observations; they are seen slowly to change into crystals, and this change is her end. After having seemed to feed, to grow, and even to multiply, they seem to die, reaching a condition henceforward fixed and stable. Their multiplication, however, is relative; there is no true reproduction, no formation of similar bodies that live longer than their progenitors and give birth, in their turn, to bodies that do the same. 'It would really be life,' said Mr. Dubois in speaking of his granulations, 'if they would give birth to beings like themselves. But they are sterile and die—how shall I say? radically bachelors, without descendants—a total, complete, definitive death.' We must not, then, speak of 'creation of life' nor of 'spontaneous generation.' And there is so much less occasion for believing radium capable of really vivifying any matter whatsoever, as we know it to be a formidable and powerful destroyer of all life: it disorganizes the tissues, it kills the cells and organs, as every one knows. Therefore Mr. Dubois did not draw sensational conclusions from his experiment. Perhaps, however, he did not make it sufficiently known in the scientific world." — *Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LIGHTNING RODS UP TO DATE.

THE matter of protection from lightning, in the light of the most recent statistics, observations and experiments, is taken up in the report of a committee appointed in 1901 by the Royal Institute of British Architects. The conclusions of this body, which included several well-known scientific men and engineers, tend to modify in important directions the report published by the Lightning Rod Conference of Great Britain in 1882, which laid down what have since been considered the standard rules on the subject. The gist of these was that buildings should be protected by copper-strip conductors well grounded at the bottom and sharply pointed near the top. While the observance of this method has doubtless saved many buildings, there has been a general feeling that it did not go thoroughly enough into the matter, and the present investigation, which covers the years 1901–04, is the result. The conclusions are thus stated editorially in *The Electrical World and Engineer* (New York):

"As the result of the investigation, and of experimental researches conducted since the lightning-rod conference report of 1882, the whole theory of lightning protection has been modified. The old idea was to erect perpendicular conductors from good ground to the top of the building. If there are several high points on the building, erect a perpendicular to each. It was supposed that a vertical rod exercised a protecting range of influence for a radial distance equal to its own height. These notions are abandoned. It is now supposed that lightning flashes are of two distinct characters, or, as described in the report, there are A flashes and B flashes. The vertical conductor is all right for the A flash, but for the B flash it may be of no use. There is thus always the comforting reflection left open to the owner of a lightning-struck rodded building that he suffered from a B flash. In brief, an A flash is a direct or main discharge between cloud and ground, while a B flash is a side discharge between one cloud and ground precipitated as the immediate consequence of a main flash between two opposed clouds. The only complete protection against a B flash is to construct a bird-cage of metal around the building and to ground the bird-cage. This is almost precisely the construction followed in a modern skyscraper or tall office-building, except that occasionally the steel structure is not very thoroughly grounded. It is noticed in the report that these tall steel structures appear to be immune. Those who work inside modern tall office-buildings during thunder-storms ought to lay this consolation to their souls: that they are rendered as nearly immune to lightning as modern science can devise. A flashes and B flashes may jump about and envelop them, but persons who are well inside the metal bird-cage, may consider themselves safe."

The new report, departing from the old, no longer recommends to gild, platinize, or electroplate the points near the top of a rod, and it restores iron conductors to confidence, preferring them to copper (except on the score of permanence) because of the larger inductance, which in the old days was held in horror. Finally, the new report advises that two rods should be provided on each tower or high part of a building, one on each side. The writer concludes:

"Horizontal conductors should interconnect all vertical rods at the roof-ridge level, and also at the ground level. This works in the direction of the bird-cage theory. All large masses of metal, in or on the building, should be grounded as directly as possible. Gas-pipes should be kept away from lightning conductors. Steel-pipe grounds are recommended, terminating below in packed charcoal and kept moist by rain-flow above. There can be no doubt that the new report is a great improvement over the earlier one, and property-owners all over the world owe thanks to the committee for its labors. All nations have taxes and lightning damages, in common."

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

IS A REVIVED JUDAISM POSSIBLE?

"IN the multitude of counselors there is safety," is an utterance that, according to Mr. Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E., has not been fulfilled in the case of the descendants of those who gave it to us.

We have more than once quoted significant surmises as to the future of Judaism in America (see THE LITERARY DIGEST, September 10, 1904, and June 24, 1905). Now Mr. Japp, writing in *The London Quarterly Review*, examines the problem more especially as it presents itself in England. His finding is that Judaism is imperiled by its multitude of counselors, and by the absence of a spirit of charity and harmony within its body politic. "Jewry is not bound by ties of blood, but by a spiritual idea," once declared Mr. Zangwill. This spiritual idea, according to Mr. Japp, is in danger of being lost sight of amid bickerings and dissentions. "Divisions, sects, splits increase; and if they do not issue in the actual formation of new societies or synagogues, the effects are seen in the old bodies, and may be summed up in lack of unity, ill-veiled opposition, and constant disputation."

As illustrating this tendency he mentions some of the well-marked classes into which the English Judaism of to-day is divided. First, there is the unyielding orthodox party, "to whom the most trifling point of ritual is as important as the most serious question of ethics." Then there are the "liberals," who stand between the orthodox and the "reformers." The latter, according to Mr. Japp, "would sweep aside what are indeed the essentials of Judaism." Then comes a contingent of those "who go to synagogue only once or twice a year and favor free-thinking openly in most important matters." Again, there are the Zionites and the anti-Zionites—with their subdivisions; and yet again there are the "detached Jews," many of whom have completed their detachment by the enormity of "mixed marriages."

Altho he perceives this welter of contending opinions to be sapping the foundations of English Judaism, Mr. Japp does not despair of the situation, but indicates what he believes to be "the only true path back to real unity, life, and fellowship in the Jewish as in any other religious community." This path, we gather, is to be found in a renewed reverence for labor and a return to simpler standards of living. Both modern Judaism and modern Christianity, he urges, suffer spiritually by their tendency to emphasize the distinction between the working classes and the non-working classes. We read further:

"It was well pointed out by Emma Lazarus that the Jews had lost character as well as physical energy and the feeling of solidarity, by the fact that under certain influences and necessities they had ceased to be workers, producers, and had become speculators, financiers, middlemen, pedlers, and desire nothing else. They had thus sacrificed physical development, if not more, far more than that. Now that over vast areas they are free, they must get back to their old tradition and old habit in this respect. That is what the Jew agitator seldom or never dreams of. In Biblical and Talmudic times, trades and handicrafts were universal. Every conceivable industry and kind of work was in vogue; labor was universal; learning and piety did not seek excuses from the daily task, but enforced it, and made it holy. Work, and not 'living by one's wits,' was considered holy and blessed. The greatest rabbis were humble artisans, and so provided for themselves. Hillel was a wood-cutter; Rabbi Chanina was a shoemaker; Rabbi Judah was a tailor; Rabbi Joseph was an architect; Abba Saul was a grave-digger; and Rabbi Joshua was a needle-maker. Jesus was a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter; Paul was a tent-maker; and Peter was a fisherman. In the Talmudic colleges of Sura and Pumbaditha, the scholars—farmers and mechanics—streamed into the tournament halls of the Halachah only when their work had given them vacation."

But the Jews of to-day, he alleges, "surpass even the Gentiles in their love of luxury, show, and extravagance, in their aspiration after tawdry and vulgar exhibitions and all the degrading associations of competitive social celebrations and functions." Moreover:

"So much is this the case that I have met with more than one Jew of elevated ideal who privately confessed to me that for them 'mixed marriages'—that is, marriages with Gentile women—were made necessary because of lack of simplicity and domesticity, and great love of show and extravagance, in Jewish women of their own class. For the Jews who oppose 'mixed marriages' as insuring the loss of later generations to Judaism, here is a line on which they are called to work and seek to reform to simplicity and non-luxury."

Mr. Japp believes that, in spite of many distressing symptoms, English Judaism will yet seek the prescribed path of its salvation, "a practical return to simplicity of life and habit, to true ideals of social regeneration and uplifting, through the individual life."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

A NUMBER of secular papers in England have recently been discussing the relation of Christianity to citizenship. The discussion, in this instance, grew up around a question in the London *Times* correspondence column as to whether politics should be discussed in chapels. *The Daily News* (London) remarks that life can not be separated into compartments, sacred and secular. Now a writer in *Collier's Weekly* (New York) whom the editor characterizes as "a great creative artist whose reasons for anonymity seem sufficient to us as to himself," asks if there is such a thing as Christian citizenship, and finds an answer in the negative. He claims, however, that it could be created. "The process," he alleges, "would be quite simple, and not productive of hardship to any one." We read further:

"It will be conceded that every man's first duty is to God; it will also be conceded, and with strong emphasis, that a Christian's first duty is to God. It then follows, as a matter of course, that it is his duty to carry his Christian code of morals to the polls and vote them. Whenever he shall do that, he will not find himself voting for an unclean man, a dishonest man. Whenever a Christian votes, he votes against God or for Him, and he knows this quite well. God is an issue in every election; He is a candidate in the person of every clean nominee on every ticket; His purity and His approval are there, to be voted for or voted against, and no fealty to party can absolve His servant from his higher and more exacting fealty to Him; He takes precedence of party, duty to Him is above every claim of party."

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, urges this anonymous writer, they would carry every election and do it with ease:

"They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every soiled one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God, who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions—in a word, without concert of any kind. They could accomplish it by each individual resolving to vote for God at the polls—that is to say, vote for the candidate whom God would approve. Can a man imagine such a thing as God being a Republican or a Democrat, and voting for a criminal or a blackguard merely because party loyalty required it. Then can we imagine that a man can

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improve upon God's attitude in this matter, and by help of professional politicians invent a better policy? God has no politics but cleanliness and honesty, and it is good enough for men."

If the Christians of America, he continues, could be persuaded to vote "God and a clean ticket," it would bring about a moral revolution that would save the country—"a country whose Christians have betrayed and are destroying it." In most elections, he says, "nothing important is on trial except Christianity." And he adds:

"It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Pennsylvania, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Connecticut, and failed; in New York, and failed; in Delaware, and failed; in every town and county and State, and was recreant to its trust; it has effusively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands."

BUDDHISM AS A RELIGION FOR LAPSED CHRISTIANS.

BUDDHISM and Christianity are almost at one on ethical points, but dogmatically they are diametrically opposed. The Christian who has lost his grasp of church doctrine, but believes in the Golden Rule, may find rest for his soul, says W. S. Lilly in *The Fortnightly Review* (London), by enrolling himself among the followers of Buddha. To quote his own words with regard to Christianity and Buddhism:

"There is, unquestionably, much in common between the character and teaching of the founders of the two religions. Both are represented as infinitely pitiful and infinitely wise. Both desired, beyond all things, the salvation of mankind. Both proclaimed a royal law of love, the love of our neighbor as ourselves, the Buddha, indeed, including among the objects of our charity those poor relations of ours which we call the brute creation: 'Thou shalt hurt no living thing.' Both required of their disciples the forsaking of all and the following of the Master. Both taught the utter vanity of earthly good, insisted on self-denial, and exhibited compassion as the highest law of life. Both inculcated the supreme necessity of purity of thought and intention. Both prescribed the non-resistance of evil, the overcoming of evil with good. Both had especial tenderness for the young, the poor, the suffering, the outcast. In the accounts which have come down to us of the lives of both, there are the most remarkable parallelisms: and, what is more important and significant, the personality of both must be accounted even now the strongest religious forces in the world, drawing the hearts of men by a spiritual magnetism through so many ages."

But when we come to the doctrinal section of Christianity we find it clear, positive, and in full harmony with the general theistic and animistic ideas of the human race, says this writer, while Buddhism is indefinite and vague and every Buddhist is an agnostic. In his own words:

"If the ethical teaching and spiritual influence of the Christ and the Buddha are so similar, their dogmatic teaching is as opposite as is well conceivable. Christianity is before all things theistic and animistic. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy . . . soul,' is its first and great commandment. God and the soul are its two foundations. Buddhism is sometimes called atheistic. The statement requires to be guarded and explained. Buddhism recognizes innumerable *devas* or gods, who, however, are of the same nature as men and animals, all existence being of one kind; and altho they enjoy a period of bliss, that comes to an end, and they must at last die, and be drawn again into the whirlpool of existence. But of the all-perfect creative Deity of Christianity, Buddhism knows nothing. The question of the origin of things it regards as *ultra vires*. It is, in the proper sense of the word, agnostic."

The ethical teaching of Buddha had its complement in the doctrine of metempsychosis, which was not without its retributive side. As W. S. Lilly says of the founder of Buddhism:

"The moral law, written 'on the fleshly tables of the heart,' he apprehended, confessed, and revered. It was for him the highest and ultimate fact beyond which he could not go. And he was well aware that the very idea of law implies a penal sanction: a law which may be broken with impunity is no law at all: justice is, of its nature, vindictive. . . . The doctrine of transmigration was undoubtingly received and believed throughout India in his time: a certain amount of evidence may be adduced for it: it is incapable of disproof: he saw no reason for questioning it: and he found in it the sanction and the instrument of the law of righteousness ruling throughout the universe."

The agnosticism of Buddhism, he observes, is the point on which lapsed Christians find a common and sympathetic religious basis, and the doctrine of transmigration is in harmony with that of evolution. He continues, speaking of those who have lost faith in Christ:

"It is to these lapsed Christians—'the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' we may say—that Buddhism specially addresses its message. It views them with much sympathy; their negations are in accordance with the Buddha's doctrine. But pious Buddhists know well that men and societies of men can not live by mere negations; that an ethical basis of life is necessary to us. Their language to the "advanced' thinkers of the Western world—if I may venture to summarize it—is this: 'You have cast off ancient animism, traditional theism. You have done well. The great truths that there is no soul in man, and that man has no knowledge of an infinite and absolute being, were long ago taught by the Buddha. You have grasped the fundamental fact that law rules everywhere throughout the phenomenal universe, whose secrets you have so largely explored. . . . We announce to you an order which is the counterpart, in the ethical and spiritual sphere, of your scientific order in the phenomenal; an order where causation and the conservation of energy equally prevail; an order which is ruled absolutely by law; an order which is as true a reality, nay, a truer, for all phenomena are impermanent, all integrations are unstable; but the law of righteousness abides forever. It is the law of the universe. . . . That is the kernel of the Buddha's teaching; it is by the proclamation of his law of righteousness, with its mechanism of moral retribution, called by us *Karma*, that he gives to life its true interpretation and indicates its real value, guiding us from agnosticism to gnosis."

WIDENING BREACH BETWEEN CONSERVATIVE AND ADVANCED THEOLOGY.

THE gulf between the conservative and the advanced schools of theological thought, especially in Germany where these antitheses find their sharpest expression, has recently received emphasis and definition by official declarations that are being made from both sides. Such a declaration, recently published, and signed by such leading conservative men as the theological professors Cremer, of Greifswald (now deceased), Koehler, of Halle, Schlutter, of Tübingen, Braun, general church superintendent in Berlin, Faber, holding a similar position, and the influential agitator, Dr. Johannes Lepsius, of Grosslichterfelde, contained an appeal for an unofficial "Silent Union" of the conservatives (a union no sooner suggested than accomplished), on the basis of the following principles:

1. The current scientific spirit, as this has gained currency in the learned world of the day, and not least in the theological methods and manners of the times, has accomplished the following results: (*a*) It has practically ruined theological science; (*b*) it has barred the way to faith for the peoples of our own times, even for those who are well disposed and has deprived them of the proper appreciation of the value of the Word of God and of the church and its divine mission and its practical work.

In addition modern theology has produced the following evil results, viz., has made the work of the Church very superficial in its character; has made it impossible to satisfy the spiritual needs of the believers; has produced a weakness in the defense of Chris-

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tian truth, and has seriously damaged the influence of Christianity on the people at large.

2. In conscious and decided opposition to this false type of theological thought it is imperatively necessary to emphasize the true Biblical teachings, as these find their expression in the faith, in the living God, and in the only-begotten Son, the crucified and arisen Lord, as these things were confessed by the apostles and the reformers. This work is to be done : (*a*) with all the means of a thorough, theological, and Bible-believing investigation ; (*b*) with the corresponding influence in the practical life of the Church ; (*c*) with the aggressive struggle against the opposing views, in all of their consequences, also in the public life of the people ; (*d*) with the full power of a personal Christianity on all occasions.

3. The decisive struggle against this modern tendency is accordingly an absolute desideratum for the development of the Kingdom of God on earth, and is a demand of an earnest Christian conscience.

The time has come when success in this direction is only possible by the union and cooperation of those who share these convictions.

The *Chronik der Christliche Welt*, which publishes this appeal, gives also more than a solid column of names of prominent men who have joined hands for this crusade.

Another evidence of the aggressive character of the conservative school appears in the transactions of the Eleventh Continental Mission Conference, held in Bremen. This immense and influential international body adopted a declaration, published in the *Allgemeine Mission Zeitschrift*, of Berlin, in which it is claimed that the destructive teachings of modern theology is a fatal blow to the work of Christian missions, as it denies all that upon the preaching of which Christian mission work lives and thrives.

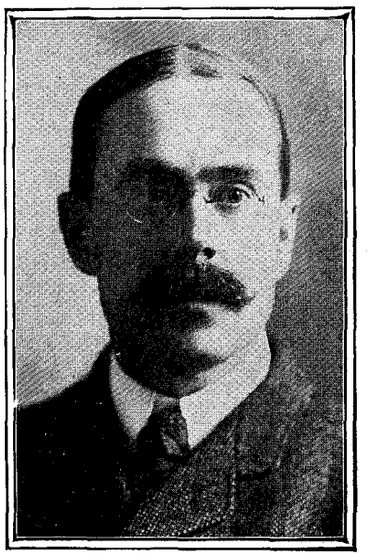
On the other hand, the Radicals are not afraid to declare what they consider their rights. They had been asked to leave the Church whose faith they no longer share. At a meeting in Goslar they made in substance the following "declaration of their rights" :

We protest emphatically against the demands made by orthodox conventions and papers, that the adherents of a more liberal theology voluntarily withdraw from the existing church organizations and form organizations of their own. This demand is a gross injustice, as the positions we represent are only legitimate and permissible developments of Protestant principles and practises. We claim a right to remain in the Church of the Reformation.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARD A METHOD OF THEOLOGICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

ANY theological reconstruction within the body of Christianity, as Prof. Shailer Mathews points out, must presuppose the possibility of such a treatment of the Scriptures, and especially of the New Testament, as will enable one to distinguish with reasonable accuracy between the truth and its Biblical expression. Or, to put the matter more technically, and in the Professor's own words," the presupposition of all theological reconstruction is the existence of criteria which shall enable one to distinguish the concepts and processes which conditioned the Biblical writers from the religious experience and truth which admittedly constitute the real substance of what we call revelation." Such criteria, he claims, will be found among the thoughts and concepts recurrent in the Biblical period. He thus makes it a prerequisite of the theologian that he be a historian. "Theological reconstruction," he declares, "that shall in any true measure be based on the New Testament is dependent not only upon the strictly philological exegesis, but also upon that larger historical exegetical process that endeavors to separate the content of a correctly apprehended teaching from the historical form in which it is cast." By means of that separation the content stands clear, and "it is with the content alone," the author avers, "that men of to-day feel more than an antiquarian interest." Prof. Shailer Mathews, who is of the department of systematic theology of the University of Chicago, formulates these views in a volume entitled "The Messianic Hope in the New Testament," which forms one of the decennial publications of that institution. The method indicated, the author declares, will be usable in any theological reconstruction actuated by loyalty to the historic Gospel. We read further :

"There must be first a precise interpretation of the Gospel as it stands in the New Testament, in its own terms and from its own point of view. Second, there must be a discrimination between the Messianic and kindred interpretative formulas and concepts, on the one hand, and, on the other, the facts in the records of the life of Christ and of Christian experience which fair-minded criticism, psychology, and sociology will regard as assured. Then, third, there will be the presentation of these facts, through the use of such interpretative and pedagogical concepts as will do for to-day what the various concepts of the New Testament did for their day."



PROF. SHAILER MATHEWS,
Of the department of systematic theology in the University of Chicago.

The author continues :

"Such a method judges historical facts by genuinely historical criteria, and therefore distinguishes between the essential and purely economic elements of Christianity without abandoning scientific limitations. From it there must result a new confidence and appreciation of that historical gospel which gave rise to faith rather than was caused by faith. For while the method will recognize to the full the fundamental verities of Christian experience, it also will give full value to historical facts. In these it will find data for the same moral stimulus and the same religious hope they have always aroused during the centuries of Christian history. On the one side, this method avoids that assertion of the perpetual authority of interpretative concepts and that dogmatism which have always proved fatal to the spontaneous and persuasive expression of the Christian spirit; and on the other hand, it avoids that mysticism which belittles the historical facts which really have made Christian assurance possible. Such a historical method prepares the way for religious psychology and leads to a theology at once scientifically positive in its reliance upon objective facts, consonant with the known laws of personality and historical criticism ; it conserves every essential fact and implication of the Gospel as it was preached by Jesus and Paul, and revitalizes that Christian hope of deliverance from sin and death that has been the great power of historical orthodoxy."

The writer expresses his belief that there is room for such a theology "at once critical, experiential, historical, revering Jesus as the divine way rather than the divine end, dominated by a conviction of immortality, and insistent that humanity needs to be saved from sin and suffering, and that, by sharing in the divine life revealed in Jesus, humanity can be carried, both generically and individually, to the next and, because spiritual, higher stage of that process which is the expression of the eternal will of God." The eternal element in Christianity, he declares, is "not an interpretative concept born of an abandoned cosmology and a persistently political conception of God, but the eternal life born of God through the mediation of faith in Jesus as his revelation." The form in which this belief is expressed is in the present writer's view inessential; it may be made dynamic in reason and will by the use of whatever world-view that may be regarded the modern equivalent of Messianism, or by any definition of the divine personality satisfactory to modern thought.

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FOREIGN COMMENT.

THE MENACE OF JAPANESE AMBITION.

THE war between Russia and Japan, following on the victory of Japan over China, is likely to be far-reaching in its results. It already has had its effect on the very heart of Russian social and political life, and the success of the Mikado's armies and fleets has encouraged and intensified the revolutionary frenzy of the Muscovite reformers. But its most important consequences are to be discerned in the future which it is preparing for China. According to René Pinon, in *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris), Japan has shown to China the superiority of European over East Asiatic civilization; has induced China more and more to open the way for the admission of foreign methods and machinery, so that "the Great Wall, that monstrous anachronism which separated the Middle Kingdom from the rest of the world, is crumbling into dust."

Mr. Pinon traces in detail the profound influence which Japan is exercising over China, and indicates the peril to which he thinks all interests but those of the yellow races are thus exposed in the Far East. In his own words:

"The victories of Japan on sea and land, the backdown of Europe which has resulted, the elimination of Russian power in the seas of the Far East, leave no one in the front rank, in view of China's distractions, but triumphant Japan. Leaving out of the question the competition of America, which is now preparing and arming for the struggle, Japan is mistress of the Yellow Seas; she is ready to exercise what influence she chooses on the destiny of the Middle Kingdom, for in the struggle for domination in the Pacific she has proved the victor."

At some length he proceeds to show how China is learning from Japan "to accept resignedly European civilization which her adroit neighbors know so well how to present in a form easy to assimilate and so disguised as to conceal its foreign origin." The Japanese have learned from Europe and are now the teachers of China, "and by this means intend little by little, to expel the Occidentals from Extreme Asia and escape from their competition." The Japanese have found it easy from their physical affinity, dress, writing, and language to permeate China. They have been the agents of Chinese reform. Under the direction of Japanese soldiers China has constituted an army on a European model. Japanese instructors conduct the four military colleges, similar to that of Saint-Cyr, which have been opened in different cities. Every year 700 Chinese youths, educated in the schools of Japan, receive a commission in the Chinese army, and there are at present 3,000 such officers in China. At the beginning of 1902 a colonel attached to the Japanese legation at Peking was appointed to organize a body of police, and at present a hundred Japanese instructors are engaged in training the recruits to this force. The immemorial triennial government examinations in China have gradually been abolished and youths are regularly educated abroad and especially in Japan—some at military schools, others as railroad or mining engineers, while others study law. Nearly 2,500 Chinese students are found in Japanese schools and universities.

Education in China has largely become Europeanized through Japanese influence. School and college buildings are constructed in the European style. Mr. Pinon continues to say that Japan assumes the rôle of elder brother to China rather from considerations of self-interest than from benevolent motives:

"The Japanese aspire to be the guardians of the yellow race, to which they wish to secure the hegemony of the globe, after delivering themselves from the Europeans."

There can be no doubt, as this writer points out, that the influence which the Japanese are exercising in the Middle Kingdom has had an amazing effect upon Chinese commerce. The imports and exports of that country in 1895 amounted to 32,016,680 taels; in 1903 to 80,731,778 taels. The tonnage of the Japanese ships which entered Chinese ports in 1897 was 660,707; by 1903 it had risen to 7,965,358.

The principal field of Japanese activity, we are told, has been the province of Fo-Kien, opposite Formosa, where Japan instituted a school of the Japanese language, and filled the local military college with Japanese teachers. The Japanese have used every means, honest and dishonest, to dislodge the European settlers and factors. They claimed, and for some time established, a monopoly of the sale and manufacture of camphor. "The tyranny of the Japanese became so intolerable," says Mr. Pinon, "that it ended in making them the objects of popular hate."

He subsequently states definitely the end and aim of Japan in their operations in China, and declares:

"The object of the Japanese is clearly apparent. They wish to

THE JAPANESE DREAM OF VICTORY.
The Bear in chains supporting the conqueror, who rejoices in a huge war indemnity. —*Australian Review of Reviews* (Melbourne).

AT PORTSMOUTH.
Japan at the feet of Witte.
—*Floh* (Vienna).

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

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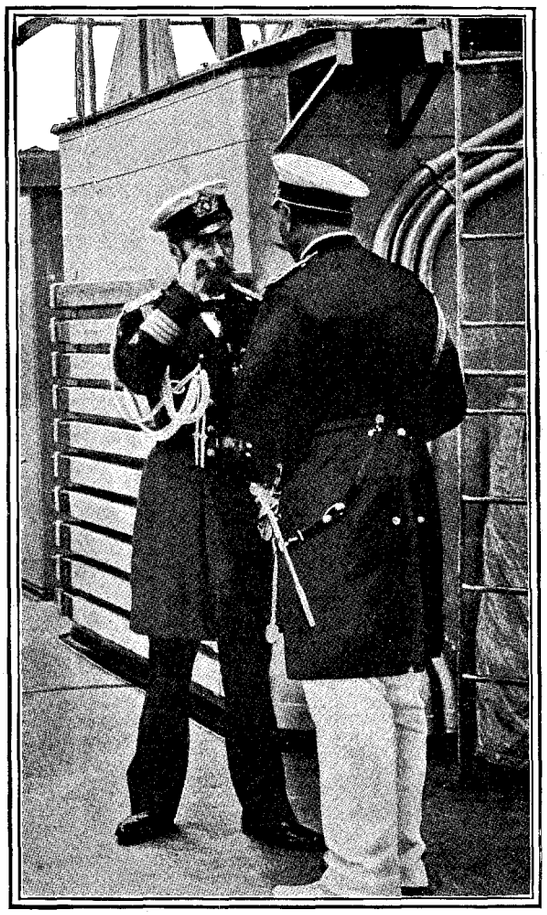
organize in the Middle Kingdom a sort of moral and economic protectorate, and to exploit for their own profits all the national avenues of trade; then to expel, gradually, Europeans and Americans and to enforce, for the benefit of the yellow race, a new Monroe doctrine. This is their first purpose and the following is their second: to overcome and crush out the elements of national Chinese opposition which, together with European competition, stands in the way of Japan's too brutal hegemony."

He plainly asserts that both English and Americans were fooled by the Japanese on the outbreak of the present war, and proceeds:

"One of the excuses for the present war lay in the fact that Japanese, English, and Americans alike feared the power of Russia in hindering by a tariff the progress of foreign trade in Manchuria. This fear of losing 'the open door,' in case the Muscovite grew paramount, blinded commercial England, and *The Times* (London) said 'Japan in Asia is fighting for the Anglo-Saxon ideal against a military despotism'; accordingly the English merchants burst into applause at the early successes of the Mikado's fleets and armies. To-day their enthusiasm is not quite so overflowing. They begin to see that the triumph of Japan will mean their banishment from the Far East. In order to effect this it will not be necessary for the Japanese to impose tariffs and abolish 'the open door.' Thanks to their political ascendancy and military prestige, they can easily supplant the Europeans at every point by completing the 'Japanization' of China and its transformation in every department of national life, military, economic, and social."

The writer says that the Chinese boycott of American goods was effected by the reform party, and if not suggested by the Japanese was immensely to their advantage. He asks whether this Japanese preponderance, moral and economic, in Chinese affairs will not eventuate in political supremacy. He decides that such a consummation is by no means improbable. He concludes by saying that China is able to take care of herself, and is more wide awake than she appears to be. To quote:

"This Japanization of China, if it end in the political revolution which it seems to threaten and in the enforcement of a Monroe doctrine for the benefit of the yellow race, will certainly prove dangerous to the interests of all the other Powers. . . . The part that Europe has to play under such circumstances is plain. If the independence of China is imperiled or commercial freedom threatened by the too preponderating influence of Japan, the Occidental nations must resort to China for redress. . . . For if the Japanese think that the awakening of national sentiment in the Middle Kingdom will serve their own interests to the detriment of none but Europeans and Americans, they will probably soon find out that their teachings have been only too well understood by the Chinese."



THE HISTORIC MEETING THAT EXCITED ALL EUROPE.
An interesting photograph of the Czar and the Kaiser in conversation at Bjoerkoe.

Still more full of apprehension are the words of Count Vay von Vaya in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (Berlin), who asks, speaking of the feelings of mingled congratulation and alarm with which the news of Japanese successes was greeted in Europe:

"What would happen if the Japanese should absorb the whole of Eastern Asia, and perhaps also Siberia? And, above all, what would happen if, united with China, she should overflow Russian territory with her numberless squadrons and even penetrate to the heart of Europe? The old time incursion of the Tartars at once occurs to the memory. And why is it inconceivable that some ambitious leader should seek to imitate the career of Genghis Khan? A new military genius, a yellow Napoleon, popular as the French soldier, and more powerful by his personal prestige, would, with his millions of adherents and countless soldiers, prove a most formidable and dangerous foe to Europe."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

AS TO WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE irritation excited between Germany and England by the Morocco question, was somewhat increased by the feeling which arose in Europe over the half-furtive interview of the Czar and the Kaiser at Bjoerkoe. When the German press raised angry voices over the projected cruise of the Channel Squadron in the Baltic, the situation became almost acute, and after the English and French fleets were reviewed in company by King Edward VII., the German papers began to discuss the results of a German defeat by sea. These incidents give interest to an article in the *Deutsche Revue* (Stuttgart), in which Sir Charles Bruce, long experienced in the imperial service, and eminent as a political writer, gives his views as to the possibility of war between Germany and England.

He begins by pointing out that a traditional friendship has united the two countries; that their race, politics, and religions have sprung from kindred stems. Their intellectual ideals are similar, and Chaucer and Shakespeare were studied in Germany at a time when England had almost neglected her greatest masters of poetry. The two nations seem to form, he says, almost a unique stock, distinct alike from the Latin, Slavonian, and East Asiatic races. These considerations, he thinks, joined to the historical experience of the two peoples, point to the preservation of peace.

He considers at length the Morocco question in its connection with England and Germany and comes to the following conclusion:

"As a result of the Morocco question, I do not see how, taking all things into consideration, war can arise either from the German interposition at Tangier, or any subsequent complications resulting therefrom."

The general question of war between Germany and England he handles more cautiously, and remarks:

"I am not inclined to answer the general question of war between the two countries by pronouncing it impossible. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty, with all its consequences to England, and, as I believe, to the whole world, seemed likely during the past year to involve us in war with at least two European Powers. And the readjustment and redistribution of power in the Far East has since then opened up a new world of difficulties. I do not, however, hesitate to declare that the possibility of war might be reduced by mutual concessions to the point of zero, in view of the fact that an

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entente cordiale would easily remove any obstacle in the way of peace, and bring about a connection with England which would revive the traditional friendship with the German kingdom, as under the hegemony of Prussia, which has stood the test of two centuries of time."

The writer goes on to show that two circumstances aggravate the danger of estrangement between Germany and England. The one is the restless virulence of the press, the other the bitterness of commercial competition. In view of this he continues:

"It would be foolish in discussing the likelihood of peace or war between the European States to overlook the influence of the press. I have frequently pointed out the tendency that nowadays shows itself to turn not only political but also commercial questions into occasions of discord between nations. This tendency is increasing from the fact that the daily press is becoming more and

FRANCE AND ENGLAND AT PORTSMOUTH.

JOHN BULL (to France)—"Now we can have a quiet swim."
FRANCE—"Yes—but what is that busybody doing here?"
—*Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

more under the control of capitalism whose interests it is compelled to represent and advocate. Within the last ten years the European press has become an instrument of excitement and war agitation, which from time to time has actually crippled the efforts of the most astute diplomacy."

He makes no discrimination in accusing French, German, and English newspapers as equally involved in this serious charge.

"There is no need to make invidious comparisons on this point; the French press is just as bad as the German, and the German no better than the French. A section of the English press speak in such a tone that their readers, especially those foreign, can not but think that it is their object to antagonize England and Kaiser Wilhelm, and to aggravate the strained relations between Germany and France."

Trade jealousy, he finally adds, can not be put out of the question in considering the possibility of war or peace. In his own words:

"It was quite natural that the foreign trade of Germany should extend over a market hitherto practically monopolized by England, and that the resulting jealousy should have had some share in disturbing the friendly relations between the two countries. But this condition of things did not last long. The representatives of British industry never entertained the silly idea that a lost market was to be regained by war. The causes of German success were evident. It was the result of a careful examination *in situ* of local needs, and of an accommodation of methods to these needs both in style of manufacture and system of distribution. This lesson was soon learnt by their competitors, and to a jealous spirit of bitterness has succeeded in the trade relations of the two peoples a rivalry based only on free and honorable emulation."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LORD CURZON AND ENGLAND'S NEW INDIAN POLICY.

ONE principle of Anglo-Saxon government has always been that the King, President, or State Governor carries the sword, and commands the fighting forces of his dominion. Hitherto in India the Viceroy and his council have directed the distribution of the Indian army, and controlled its movements. The Balfour Ministry has changed all this and made Lord Kitchener head of the army while the Viceroy is merely a civil governor. Lord Curzon, one of the ablest and most progressive rulers that India has ever had, resented the loss of power, independence, and prestige entailed on him by Balfour's unprecedented action, and has resigned his office. His retirement is considered to be a heavy blow to the provinces he so judiciously administered, while the changes made in the administration are revolutionary. According to *The Indian Review* (Madras), "The old order has suddenly and somewhat rudely been shaken. The effectual safeguards of the past have been swept away and a new and easy way for a military autocracy has been paved;" and an Indian publicist, writing in the same journal, declares: "All India, European and native—the military section excepted—view with consternation and dismay the probable mischievous consequences to the country of the new-fangled measure of military administration—a measure as revolutionary as it is disastrous to the best interests of the State in the immediate future."

Referring to the official labors of Lord Curzon in India *The Times* (London) summarizes them as "what must rank among the most brilliant and strenuous pieces of work accomplished for the Empire in our times." Speaking of his dispute with Lord Kitchener and subsequent resignation *The Standard* observes:

"The point raised by the Viceroy was one on which it was impossible for the Government to give way. But no attempt was made to press him unduly. . . . Presently it became obvious that the Cabinet must choose between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. The dilemma was none of their making. It was forced upon them by Lord Curzon himself, and he is the only sufferer."

On the same subject *The Morning Post* styles the quarrel between the statesman and the soldier, complicated by the indecision of a tottering Cabinet, "a pitiful muddle," and adds:

"We can not leave the matter without pointing out that in this, as in so many of its actions, Mr. Balfour's Government has made difficult situations still more embarrassing by a lack of simple directness and firm adhesion to lines of policy when they have been once laid down. Strong and decided governments, composed of men of first-rate ability, are alone worthy to be served by strong and able men."

The Westminster Gazette (London) thinks that the "open and manifest victory of the military over the civil party is a great disaster, which may give an entirely wrong turn to an administrative scheme which might otherwise have worked fairly"; and *The Star* (London) roundly abuses the Government as follows:

"It is characteristic of this Ministry, which has ever bullied the weak and cringed to the strong, that all Lord Curzon's greatest faults in Indian administration have been swallowed, while on the one occasion when he appears as the defender of the civilian element in the councils of India against the dominance of a purely militarist régime, they have sacrificed him."

The whole London press eulogize Lord Curzon's administrative success, but suggest that he had the faults of his qualities, and was not popular. Of the continental papers the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) observes:

"Lord Curzon is of the race of those great administrators whom

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Great Britain has always found among her aristocracy or among her merchant princes. By his position he was enabled, like so many other Englishmen of the same social class, to study questions for their own sake, to consider his functions as a sort of exalted magistracy not to be valued for the advantages to be derived from them. The day on which he was asked to accept what he did not approve of, he retired like a man to whom fortune and social status permitted a free and independent choice."——*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

RUSSIAN REFORMERS AGAIN BAFFLED BY THE CZAR.

NICHOLAS II. promised to the Zemstvoists that on August 20, the birthday of the Czarevitch, he would proclaim a new constitution for Russia. It will be remembered that he had already proposed, through Minister of the Interior Boulyguine, a popular assembly or Douma, but it was greeted with something like derision by the reformers. A manifesto was actually published by him on August 20, but has not been received as a sincere fulfilment of his promise. It in no wise provides popular representation in the Western European and American sense, and it still leaves the Czar and his Council of State with absolute and autocratic authority. It prescribes a mere consultative body, but the Czar and the bureaucracy retain their irresponsible powers intact.

The European press have given careful consideration to this document, which is even more Oriental than medieval in its tone, and in future days may be considered as much a curiosity of literature as those social enactments of Peter the Great, one of which forbade his subjects to get drunk at the imperial levees.

The Times (London) sees in the outline of the new Douma "the very serious restrictions under which the National Assembly will have to do its work," and adds:

"The very first section, while referring to the Czar as the supreme autocratic authority, places in his hands the power to dissolve the Douma when he pleases, and to determine the length of its sessions and adjournments. . . . More striking still are the jealous limitations placed on the concession of ministerial responsibility. Before a Minister or any other departmental official can be called to account for an infringement of the law, the President must receive a written notice of interpellation signed by at least thirty members of the Douma, which he will then submit to a full session. If the majority approves of the interpellation, it can then be transmitted to the Minister; but he is allowed a month to reply to it. . . . The public is excluded from all sessions, and the press from closed sessions; and a closed session must be ordered directly a Minister or departmental chief declares any matter to be a 'national secret.' But perhaps the most reactionary feature about the project is its electoral provisions. . . . An immense part of the population, including all the urban masses and a great proportion of the 'intellectuals,' have not received the franchise. . . . When we find that those entitled to vote in the urban assemblies (for the electoral colleges) are required to own real estate to the value of £150, or to be manufacturers of the first category, and when it is further remembered that only twenty-eight towns are to be represented, it will be seen that the chances of anything like a full representation of industrial Russia are very small indeed."

The Russian press utter with equal plainness their opinion of the "Little Father's" new legislative essay. The *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) says that the manifesto institutes "no constitution after Western European standards, and diminishes in no way the supremacy of the autocracy"; and the *Slovo* (St. Petersburg) complains that it makes no mention of the natural rights of Russian citizens. The essential defects of the Boulyguine scheme are still preserved in this scheme, according to the *Syn Otetschestva* (St. Petersburg). The *Russ* (St. Petersburg) thinks that such a constitution does little to diminish the perturbing influence of the bureaucracy, which is always bringing things to a political crisis, and both manifesto and proposed constitution are contemptuously passed by unnoticed by the *Nascha Schisn* (St. Petersburg). "The Constitutionalists, whose number in Russia is very great," says the *Petersburgstija Vjedomosti*, "will henceforth look upon August 19 as a fatal day on which all their illusions were destroyed."

Other Russian papers have spoken with equal clearness. The powerful Slavophil journal, *Russkoye Slovo* (Moscow), declares that the document is indecisive and its provisions concerning elections suggest and leave unanswered a host of questions relating to popular representation, the rights of the press, and the distribution of the suffrage. The colorless *Novosti Dnia* (Moscow) spares the Czar and applauds his constitution as likely to break down the wall of separation raised by the bureaucracy, who are the guilty ones, between Nicholas II. and his people.

In Germany the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin) doubts the sincerity of those who criticize the Czar and his manifesto and in the same tone the *Börsen-Kurier* (Berlin) augurs that the Czar's manifesto is a clear indication that the organization of a new popular assembly is a thing of the near future.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

BEFORE THE CONFERENCE IN THE BALTIC—
Limp as a silk handkerchief.

AFTER THE MEETING.
Stiffly and sternly shows his mailed fist.
—*Jugend* (Munich).

WILLIAM II'S BRACING INFLUENCE.

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BEST SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH.

THE STRIKE BREAKER.

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER.

IN "M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE" FOR SEPTEMBER.

So many short stories appear in the magazines each month, that our readers may be glad to know which, in our judgment, is the best. From those published in the September number, we have selected the following.

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I

YOUNG Tremont paused to light a cigar, but, as he did so, he cast a quick glance down the dark alley opposite which he stood. It was just as well to be cautious. At first the alleyway seemed empty, but, as the match flared up and the end of his Havana caught the fire, a rough figure came from behind the big telephone post. Instantly Tremont dropped his hands into his overcoat pockets. As the figure came toward him the muzzles of two concealed hammerless pistols were pointing straight at it, a cool finger on each trigger.

"Mr. Tremont!"

A little startled at the call of his name, Tremont stepped a little closer, still ready for decisive and deadly action. He could afford to take no chances, these days. The figure came straight up to him, but kept in the shadow of the building.

"Oh, it's you, eh, Lanigan?" said Tremont, somewhat relieved on recognizing the man. "Well, before you say anything, I want to tell you two things. First, that I never talk business on the street corners, and second, that I have nothing whatever to say to any strike committee, whether of one or a dozen. I don't want to hear a word."

He was stalking on when the other again called him.

"It's not about the strike, sir," urged Lanigan. "Mr. Tremont, I want a job!"

"You! I'm not in the humor for joking to-night, Lanigan. Why, you are one of the most rabid unionists in the ranks—the prize spellbinder of the lot, and appointed only to-day on a committee that I refused to see!"

"I resigned from that committee, sir. I'm through with it all!" tensely exclaimed the man. "I'm in deadly earnest. Look here, Mr. Tremont, I have a broken-down wife and a sick boy at home. I left here during the strike two years ago and went to San Francisco. A strike broke out within a month after I got there and lasted four months. I went to Los Angeles. A strike had been declared just the day before I arrived. At Omaha it was nearly the same. In Chicago, worse than ever. Mr. Tremont, in two years I have put in just fourteen weeks of steady work. The rest of the time I've been on strike rations or looking for a job. The home I had almost paid for is gone. Nearly all of my furniture is sold, and the little I have left the mortgage-loan sharks are going to take from me. I can't expect the union to do any more for me than for the others, and I'm going to break away from them. I've been waiting here for nearly an hour for you to come out of that restaurant. I can't stand it any longer. Another siege of it will kill my wife, and rather than have her go under, I'll see the whole union in h——"!

Tremont nodded in approval.

"And so you want your old job back, eh?"

"Well, yes. I hear you are offering a fancy price for an engineer."

"Yes."

A good engineer was the backbone of his strike-breaking plan.

"With—with a five-thousand-dollar life insurance policy prepaid for one year, I heard."

"Yes."

"I'll take the job."

"All right. Come around in the morning. Better come a full hour before the usual time. Come to the back gate, and bring with you a change of clothing. You will have to stay on the grounds night and day. I've hired a good cook and got in bedding."

Tremont was moving away when the other once more stopped him.

"Well?" he asked, a trifle impatiently.

"Why—Mr. Tremont—would you mind advancing me the first week's pay?"

Tremont looked at him a little suspiciously, then, without a word, produced a roll of bills and gave the fellow two twenties. It was more than had been asked, but, so long as he was taking a chance on the man's honor, he might as well make the obligation strong.

"Thanks!" exclaimed the man, so fervently that Tremont got a glimmering of how desperate the need of money might be.

"There's just one chance that I won't come to earn this," continued Lanigan with a grim laugh. "If any of the boys saw me here talking with you, and especially getting money from you, I don't think you would ever see me again. I never knew them to be so fierce."

"I shall expect you in the morning," said Tremont, shortly, and walked away.

II

Lanigan hurried up the stairs of the dingy tenement building which held the two rooms he now called home, and strode back through the dark hall. Before he could put his hand on the knob, his own door opened, and an anxious woman stood waiting to greet him.

"I'm so glad you're home, Ed," she said. "I thought you would never come, and I've been so worried about you."

"You mustn't worry about these things, Maggie," he replied, stooping down to kiss her, and leading her gently to a chair. "It always breaks you down. How's Danny?"

"No better," she answered, wearily. "He's asleep now. I think this air is killing him, Ed, but what can we do?"

He tossed into her lap the money that Tremont had given him.

"Ed!" she exclaimed in a panic of fear. "What have you done?"

"Got my old job back. That's advance pay. Tremont gave it to me at the corner of an alley. He had two guns pointed at me through his overcoat pockets when I came up to talk to him."

"Send the money back to him!" she cried, white-lipped, thrusting the bills upon him. "The boys will kill you!"

"No they won't," he protested, laughing lightly and stretching up his powerful arms to reassure her by their strength.

"You called Jimmy a traitor," she reminded him, despondently.

"He is," assented Lanigan with a darkening brow. "So am I, but that's better than this." He looked around at the meanly furnished apartment with a scowl that changed to a forced smile as he met her care-dimmed eyes. "Inside the stockade I shall be perfectly safe," he went on, "and I'll send the money home to you by mail. Now take this money, Maggie, and don't stew. Pay the landlord to-morrow, pay the loan people that fifteen dollars, buy a chicken for yourself and Danny, and live decently for a while."

"What about the relief committee?" she asked.

"Take what they give you. It don't look like a square deal, but you'll have to do it to throw them off the track. And say, if any of them ask about me, tell them I've gone to Pittsburg to look for work. In about a week you can say I got it, and then you won't need to bother with the relief committee."

It was the first time he had ever asked her to lie for him. With wifely loyalty she suppressed the thought, but her deeply devout nature resented the need for the deception.

"I wish that you had never heard of a union!" she finally exclaimed, venting her distress upon what seemed to be the one tangible cause of it.

"You mustn't say that, Maggie," he quickly replied. "The union is all right. We mustn't blame the system because we've been unlucky in always running into a strike. If it was not for the organization of labor, the organization of dollars would keep us all on strike rations the whole time. I simply can't stand the pressure, that's all. I'm going to become a quitter—a 'scab'—to-morrow, Maggie, not because I am sick of unionism, but because I love you and the boy."

There came a knock at the door, and she hastily thrust the money into the bosom of her dress. Lanigan strode to the door and opened it. A committee of the strikers had called on him.

III

"What we want to know, Lanigan, is why you resigned from that committee this morning," began the leader, as they seated themselves on the three available chairs.

"Going to Pittsburg to hunt a job," replied Lanigan, briefly.

"You mustn't go, Lanigan," declared the leader. "We need you here. I don't mind telling you, because I know where you stand, that some of the men are weakening, and if they are not braced up we will lose out. You can keep them in line, and we look to you to do it."

"Don't ask it of me, Evans," said Lanigan. "My God, man, I can't go through another strike! We've had enough of it. I've got a sick boy, and look at my wife! She is barely able to keep out of bed, and she needs better food and care than she is getting."

Evans glanced at Mrs. Lanigan with ill-concealed distaste. He had a profound contempt for sickly women.

"I'll send the sick committee around," he said.

"They've been here and are doing all they can," replied Lanigan. "No, Evans, I'm going to duck the fight for the first time in my life. I'm going away to-morrow, and that settles it."

"You're going to stay here, and that settles it!" retorted Evans, rising to his feet. "We need you, I tell you, and you've got to stick. We'll expect as strong a speech to-morrow night as you're able to make."

There was another period of pregnant silence.

"All right," Lanigan wearily assented. "I'll be there."

The committee went clattering down the stairs.

"Are you going to make the speech?" his wife asked him, timidly.

"No, Maggie," he answered her, and sat with his head bowed in his hands, suffering a torture of self-abasement. He looked at her musingly, by and by. Her hands were red and coarse and knotted, her figure was bent, her hair was untidy and lifeless, her features

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were pinched and drawn. Where had gone the beauty that she had brought to him? Where?

Lanigan felt that he had been a failure, but God, how he had tried not to be! He had worked like a demon, he had been frugal, he had neglected nothing—yet he was an utter failure, and the future seemed to hold no hope of better things. The union! What had it done for him? He drove this query away as quickly as it came. His loyalty to the principles for which he had fought so long never wavered. He had simply lost the personal fight, that was all. And he was a traitor, as well as a failure!

"Maggie," he called.

"Yes, Ed." She looked up with a reassuring smile.

"I forgot to tell you. To-morrow Tremont is to give me a life insurance policy for five thousand dollars, paid up for a year."

Her eyes opened with dread as he hurried on.

"If—if anything should happen to me—within the year, you know—of course, there is no danger, but if anything *should* happen—I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to take that money and buy a little truck farm just out of town some place. There's a good living in that, and health for you and Danny. We've got to remember the boy, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Oh, Ed, Ed!" she cried, and put her hands upon his shoulders.

"There, there, little woman," he said, soothing her. "You mustn't break down this way. Of course, there's nothing going to happen, but I've got to plan for you and the boy just the same."

Tearfully she promised, and then threw herself upon his breast in a paroxysm of weeping.

IV

Dawn was breaking next morning as Lanigan turned down the railroad spur that ran behind the stockade enclosing the Tremont, Wells & Tremont plant. From this spur track a loading spur ran directly into the yards, closed by great barred gates, and at the side of these was a smaller gate for workmen.

He was within half a block of the gate when two men jumped out of a box-car that stood open on the spur. He knew them both—Harley and O'Brian. Early as he was, the pickets were still earlier. They had been there all night.

"Hello, Lanigan, where are you going so early?" asked O'Brian.

"Come out to relieve one of you fellows and let you go to breakfast," Lanigan promptly lied.

"You must get your orders from Evans, then," Harley informed him. "He put on his military scheme last night. It's great."

"What you got in the bundle?" asked O'Brian.

"Oh, just some old clothes I'm taking to the relief station."

Lanigan was getting slightly nervous, and he saw suspicion in O'Brian's eye. He glanced helplessly up at the stockade, and saw a head peering over the big gate. Harley turned to follow the direction of Lanigan's eyes, but the head had disappeared.

"Come on over and watch the relief come on," suggested O'Brian at last.

"All right," Lanigan acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness, and he started back to the box-car with them. He looked and saw the head again over the stockade, recognizing now the face of Harry Underwood, the jovial young secretary of the company. He wondered what Underwood could be doing there at that hour, then it flashed across him that the secretary was waiting for him. The small gate moved slightly.

Immersed in thought, he did not observe that O'Brian was watching him narrowly. Suddenly O'Brian snatched the bundle from under his arm and tore it open.

"Just as Evans said!" screamed O'Brian with an oath. "You're getting ready to join the scab colony, eh? Evans told me late last night to watch out for you, and I told Evans he was a fool. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The cat was out of the bag. A run was the only hope.

Without a word of warning Lanigan caught Harley square under the chin with a terrific jerk of his elbow, and lifted him off his feet. O'Brian aimed a blow at him, but Lanigan warded it off and landed a clean right-hander between O'Brian's eyes, then made a dash for the little gate. A double file of men came marching down the side of the stockade in military step. It was the picket relief, and he quickened his pace.

"Scab!" yelled Harley, sitting up, and "Stop the scab!" yelled O'Brian, still blinded by pain.

The decorous double file instantly became a disordered mob. The sight of the two worsted pickets and the flying figure explained the whole situation, and they started on the run to head Lanigan off. Some of them stopped to pick up stones and stray bits of scrap-iron, for Evans had wisely seen to it that his guards were not armed.

Lanigan measured the distance in despair. There was not one chance in a thousand that he could make the gate, and he knew the present temper of the men too well to look for any mercy.

He redoubled his speed, but it was useless, he saw. The foremost one of his interceptors wheeled into his path, red mouth panting, eyes glaring, and fists doubled. Lanigan sprang lightly to one side and cleverly tripped the man, leaving him sprawling. Two more barred his way, and one caught him by the arm while the other struck at him with a blow that just glanced off his cheek. He hurled his weight upon the man who had struck him, at the same time wrenching his arm free, and dashing on between them. His heart was pounding at his ribs now, and his hot breath tore at his lungs and seemed to him to burn his mouth, but still he raced on with aching thighs and blood-throbbing head.

A stone whistled by his head, then another, then a half brick numbed his right arm. The main body of the men were right before him now, frenzied, furious, implacable, while the men behind were closing in on him. He was caught like a rat in a trap. It flashed upon him as a rather good joke that Tremont had secured a foolish bargain for his forty dollars. He thought of his wife with a pang. The promised insurance was not yet in force.

His enemies seemed to suddenly spring up out of the earth around him, he was among them so quickly. They were a shrieking, cursing throng, their faces distorted with rage. They were faces that he knew well, faces that had smiled in friendliness upon him, faces that had brightened and glowed under the spell of his rude but impassioned oratory, faces now flushed red with life-lust. He was cursing himself, crying, shrieking, his arms striking wildly right and left. Blows rained on him that he did not feel. He was aware, though, that his own clenched left fist struck a man's teeth, and he felt the teeth loosen. His right arm was still without feeling, but he landed with that fist upon a man's nose and saw the red blood spurt.

At that moment he felt a blow on the temple, sharp, stinging, warm, not at all unpleasant. A flash of light seemed to pass before his eyes, to flame up and fill the whole world, then darkness succeeded, and he felt himself sinking, sinking, as if in a deep pit filled with feathers, soft, smothering feathers. He knew what had happened. He was going down and out. The ground seemed to rise up and clasp him gently in its embrace, but one part of his mind, his apprehension, still performed its work. He waited helplessly for the brutal impact of heavily shod feet against his head, and face, and ribs.

V

"Soak 'em, Billy, soak 'em!" cried Harry Underwood, and roared with laughter. "See 'em scatter! Here, drag the nozzle over this way—there, that's it! Holy scissors! Right square in the mouth!"

He fairly danced with joy as "Billy" and another workman played the nozzle of the big fire-hose back and forth from the little gate. It was his own scheme of defence, and it was equal to a Gatling-gun. He was proud of it. The gate had suddenly popped open and the stream turned on just as Lanigan went down, and the effect was marvelous. Hats were sent flying, and even men were swept from their feet, being mowed down again and again as they strove to get up and away from the icy deluge. Gasping and spluttering the strike pickets finally got out of range, and then Underwood climbed up over the big gate, and, making a megaphone of his hands, crowed like a rooster.

"Would you *look* at the blasted fool!" exclaimed O'Brian, as he mopped his face with a wet handkerchief, then he suddenly burst out laughing, and some of the others joined him. The great American sense of humor had come to the relief of the situation. They had always liked Underwood anyhow.

In the meantime the cold dousing had revived Lanigan so that he was able to scramble to his feet and gain the shelter of the stockade unassisted. He shook himself like a dog after a swim and took careful stock of his injuries. There was none worth mentioning.

"Narrow squeak, that, Lanigan," said Underwood, clambering down from the stockade, still laughing, and shook hands with him. "Welcome to our home. I'm having the time of my life here. Boxing and wrestling matches, jumping and sprinting contests, quoit pitching, penny ante, and craps every night. Stay as long as you like and enjoy yourself."

"I'll stay all right," said Lanigan, with a grin. "I might as well take poison as to go outside now."

Yet he did venture outside and almost at once. The pickets being compelled to go home and change or freeze, Lanigan went out and got his bundle of clothes, while Underwood and "Billy" covered his sortie with the hose.

While he was dressing in the engine-room, after a good rest and a cup of hot coffee, Lanigan took note of the condition of the place. It was sickening. Dirty bunches of waste lay everywhere. Oil was spilled on his clean floor and left to be tracked about. All the shining brass-work in which he had taken such pride was dull and greasy. Dust and cinders lay thick on the engine, and the ends of the cross-head stroke were marked by little piles of gummed cinders and oil.

A strapping big fellow, clad in overalls and

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jumper, came in and regarded Lanigan with a suspicious eye, receiving glare for glare.

"Hello," said the big fellow, with tentative surliness.

"Hello," responded Lanigan with more than equal unfriendliness. "Who are you?"

"Engineer," curtly replied the other.

"Engineer!" snorted Lanigan. This, then, was the bungler who had maltreated his beloved engine. "What was you the engineer of before you came here? A horse-power sawmill? I'm the engineer here, myself. Understand?"

"Is *that* so!" sneered the other, reddening with Lanigan's taunts. "I ain't been told about it yet. Do you think I'm going to let any hobo that feels like it come in here and hand me a bundle of guff like that? Get out of my engine-room!"

"Come and put me out, you big stiff!"

"Sure, Mike!" said the big fellow, and dived for him. They went at it hammer and tongs, kicking over stools, step-ladders, pails, oil-cans, whatever happened in the way as they sidestepped and slid about the slippery floor.

Underwood's face appeared at one of the windows. Tremont would have stopped the "scrap," but not Underwood. It was too good. The big fellow swung powerful blows, but he was clumsy, and Lanigan's superior skill soon told on him. Terrific body punches rained one after the other on him, and he began to be winded. Watching his chance, Lanigan suddenly changed his tactics and landed a stiff jab on the fellow's jaw. The big man staggered, and Lanigan followed the smash with another, then another, then a perfect hail-storm of blows, that beat the fellow slowly to his knees, still holding up his arms to protect himself from punishment.

There had not been a word spoken, the only sound being the swish of exhaled breath as swings and lunges were made, but now Lanigan paused, his doubled fists ready to descend.

"Want any more?" he asked in a quiet, conversational tone.

"Nope," rejoined the other. "Plenty for mine."

Lanigan calmly drew on his overalls.

"Get up and wash the blood off your face, and get me that extra crosshead shoe out of the box in the tool-drawer," he directed. "Then pick up this waste and get ready to scrub the floor."

The big fellow got the brass shoe first. He was just washing his face when Underwood came strolling in.

"Mr. Wilks," remarked Underwood, formally, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Lanigan, our former engineer. He will assume charge of the room, and you will become his helper."

The two men gravely shook hands.

"It's all fixed, sir," said Lanigan with an air of off-hand cordiality. "Mr. Wilks understands all right, that he's to be helper, don't you, Wilks?"

"Sure, Mike," cheerfully replied Wilks.

Underwood walked out soberly enough, but in the stock-room he leaned up against a pile of pig-iron and laughed until the tears streamed down his round cheeks.

VI

Lanigan, his engine running smoothly in the hands of a subdued and admiring helper, walked cheerfully into the main office to see about the promised insurance.

Mr. Tremont was kindness itself, and told Lanigan the hour to return to meet the doctor and the solicitor. Lanigan was anxious to get word safely and quickly to his wife, and Tremont advised a special delivery letter, gave him writing materials and the delivery stamp, and vacated his own desk so that the engineer could pen his missive in time for the approaching call of the mail man.

Lanigan wrote his wife an affectionate letter, explaining that concealment was useless, as he had been seen, though carefully omitting any disquieting reference to his narrow escape. On the contrary, he congratulated her on their brighter outlook, but made it imperative for her to get quietly into the country to board before night. She might be annoyed.

He was just walking from the office when Underwood, with a sly wink at Tremont, gravely congratulated Lanigan on his escape from "the tyranny of unionism." Mr. Wells, the vice-president, walked in while Lanigan was heatedly explaining the rights of labor, and declaring that, in spite of his defection, he was still a union man to the core, much to Underwood's delight. When Lanigan walked out, however, Mr. Wells looked after him with much disfavor.

"I don't like the idea of a self-confessed union sympathizer in such an important position as his," said he, with a trace of irritation. "We had best get rid of him at once."

"The man's all right," declared Tremont. "Underwood, whose ideas of humor are sometimes almost tragic, merely wanted to enjoy the spectacle of a 'scab' defending the men who are after his scalp. He's the best engineer in the city, and will do his work faithfully. I'll gamble on him."

"They don't grow any straighter than Lanigan," put in Underwood. "But, holy scissors, you should have seen him fight Wilks down to a whisper this morning!" and he told them about it with graphic fidelity and many bursts of glee.

VII

The next afternoon three cars, labeled "Pig Iron," were backed inside the stockade, the engine went puffing away, and the big gates were barred. The cars were quickly opened, and from each of them crawled cramped, disreputable looking men who found voice to curse that railroad, the track, the rolling stock, the employés, and the directors and stockholders clear back unto the fifth generation of ancestry, with a few random curses by way of good measure. Lanigan viewed with admiration this ruse for getting men into the plant, but reflected that Evans ought to tear up that track. Tremont's heart sank as he inspected the file lined up in front of the time-keeper, but he had them put to work.

The next morning another car was backed in, and in the afternoon of that day, two more. Lanigan happened to be out in the yards when the last of these cars was opened, and the first man to leap out was Red Coleman.

"Why, hello, Red!" called the engineer. "You don't know how I have been wishing for you, but at that I never looked to see you here."

It was a curious fact that the men did not offer to shake hands, and they had been excellent friends, too. Neither of them cared to give the clasp of greeting to a traitor.

"I'm through with the unions forever!" Red declared, with an oath.

He launched into a tirade against unionism that astounded Lanigan, coming from the man it did. Unionism was a failure. It was despotic. Its officers were corrupt.

Underwood came bustling down and broke up the argument.

"Trying to organize a 'scab' union, Lanigan?" he inquired, with a whimsical grin, as he shook hands with Red. "Come right on up and get on the pay-roll, Red. Lanigan, suppose you go down and explain things to the present fireman. Send him right over to the foundry. A moulder is firing the pots over there, and we need every moulder we've got."

Lanigan held the boiler-room in lonely state when Red came strolling in a few minutes later. Red nodded and opened a fire-door.

"Dirty as a garbage-wagon," he remarked. "I knew about how it would be and brought some dope along. I'll give the flues a good cleaning, Sunday, but a blowing out won't hurt her any."

He took from his pocket a sealed tin can, threw it on the fire, hastily closed fire and draught doors and stepped back.

"Stand out of the way," he warned.

There was a muffled explosion, a fire-door blew open, and a tongue of blue flame shot across the boiler-room. Through the boiler flues and up the great stack rushed and crowded the burst of gas, and an enormous smoke-wreath puffed from the top of the stack, while a heavy shower of soot came floating and whirling down.

Evans, outside, had been watching for that smoke-wreath.

That night Tremont went home with a lighter heart than usual. Lanigan and Red Coleman were back, and others would come. The backbone of the strike was surely breaking, and, with the new men coming in, the plant would be able to turn out its spring contracts in time.

That night, however, the spur track was torn up.

VIII

The next morning Red went to Lanigan for the key.

"Come on down and have a chat," invited Red. "You can trust that helper to start her up, can't you? I want to tell you about the boys. They've got it in for you something fierce. You want to watch out for yourself."

Lanigan went along to the boiler-room and chatted while steam was made. Red suddenly doubled up as the gage started to climb.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," said he. "I've got terrible cramps."

Lanigan sighed as the other crept out, bent over in apparent agony, then he ran upstairs and sent Wilks down to fire until Red should come back. Lanigan started the engine, and went about his other work, occasionally glancing at the gage. The pressure showed all right, but by and by his quick ear detected a strange dragging in the engine. He ran over and listened intently to the cylinder. There was a curious scraping and swishing inside it. On the piston-rod as it emerged from the stuffing-box, two or three tiny bubbles formed, and the piston-rod had a curiously streaky appearance. Upon the throttle-valve another tiny bubble hung. He rushed to the gage-cock and turned it open. A spurt of white froth shot out with the steam.

"Soaped, by thunder!" he exclaimed.

He hastily shut down the engine and hurried to the boiler-room tube.

"Draw the fire and start the pump!" he cried to Wilks. "Don't lose a minute! We've been soaped!"

A whistle blew at the tube which led to the office.

"What's the matter?" asked Wells, at the other end. "Why have you shut down?"

"We've been soaped," answered Lanigan, too much absorbed to reflect that this probably meant nothing to Wells.

"What?" impatiently demanded Wells.

(*Continued on page 360*)

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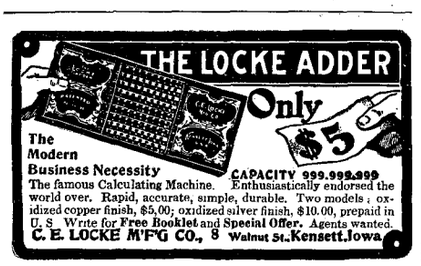

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THE STRIKE BREAKER.

(*Continued from page 358.*)

"Somebody's put soft-soap in the boiler," explained Lanigan. "We'll have to shut down for the day, at least. Maybe longer."

He started for the engine-room, followed by Tremont and Underwood. Red Coleman limped in just before them and sat down, still holding his stomach.

"When was this soaping, as you call it, done?" demanded Wells.

Lanigan looked up impatiently from the bolt he was deftly unscrewing.

"Last night, of course," he answered.

"Who was the last man in the boiler-room, Red or the other fireman?"

"Leave me out of it," Red suddenly broke in. "I haven't been near the boiler. Last night the old fireman was relieved by——"

He suddenly paused.

"Well, by whom?" angrily urged Wells.

"Well, by—by Lanigan," Red admitted with apparent reluctance. "He finished the day's trick and locked up, while I rested from that car ride. He can be a witness for me for this morning, too, for he was there when I opened up, and I had to leave him in charge when I got these cramps."

Wells turned to Lanigan, pale with passion.

"Is this true?" he jerked out.

"Yes, sir," answered Lanigan, dazed, "but——"

"That will do!" roared Wells. "I suspected you from the first. You came in here to do this trick, and for that purpose only. Go get your time and get out. Hurry up, you cur, or I'll have you thrown out!"

Lanigan was dumb. To go among the mob outside the stockade meant nothing short of death in the present humor of the strikers. Oh, well, suppose it did, he wearily reflected. He was tired of it all, anyhow, and Maggie and Danny would be better off. He had the insurance policy safely in his pocket.

IX

While Lanigan was being accused of a double treachery, Tremont had been narrowly watching Red Coleman, and, as Wells furiously ordered the engineer off the company's property, he saw Red's eyes light up with a gleam of satisfaction.

"Wait a moment," suddenly interposed Tremont. "There's something queer here."

"Queer?" snorted Wells. "I should say there was! After Lanigan goes we'll investigate this thing to the bottom."

Wilks, the Wilks whom Lanigan had thrashed, all at once displayed a new and surprising side of his character.

"If Lanigan goes I go, too!" he declared, smacking his big fist in his hand. "He no more soaped that boiler than Mr. Wells did. If he's got to face that mob he'll find me right with him. I guess we can wade through!"

"I don't think it will be necessary," said Tremont. "Lanigan, have you had soft-soap about the place for any purpose?"

Lanigan had not. Wilks had not. The old fireman, called over from the foundry, had not. Underwood could remember no such item in the expense account, "unless," he added,

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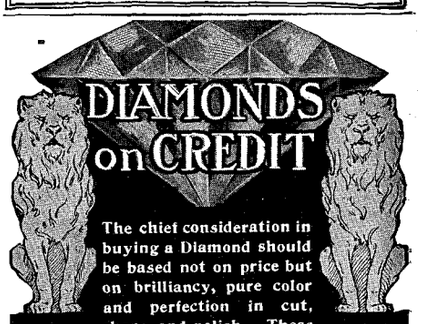

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"that swell dinner you gave the Eureka company's purchasing agent would come under the head of 'soft-soap.'"

"Then, Red," suddenly demanded Tremont, "where did you get that smear of soft-soap down the seam of your overalls?"

Red gave a startled glance down at the seam. The brown streak was there.

"It's engine grease," he declared. "If it ain't, I suppose it rubbed off on me down in the boiler-room this morning."

"More likely it came there through the overalls being wrapped around the can that brought the soap into the place," Tremont coolly charged.

"I don't see why you are trying to lay it on me," Red indignantly replied, springing to his feet and forgetting his cramps. "How would I get in, in the first place? Why, I had to go to Lanigan for the key this morning. He had it all right, and he's got it now."

Tremont looked nonplussed. Underwood whispered to Wilks, unobserved, and the big fellow slipped along the wall back of Red.

"You might have had a key of your own, you know," drawled Underwood. "Come, Red, give it to us."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Red, and at the same moment Wilks sprang on him from behind and dragged him sprawling to the floor. Underwood jumped to help him, and in a moment he arose, breathless, but triumphant, from a search of Red's pockets, holding a key in his hands.

"Shake, Sherlock Holmes, we are brother detectives!" he gasped to Tremont. "Behold the fatal key!"

Red saw Lanigan searching vainly in his pockets and brightened.

"It's the one Lanigan gave me," he protested. "I forgot."

Lanigan raced down and brought up the padlock with the key still sticking in it.

"I can't help it if Lanigan had two keys," said Red, shrugging his shoulders. He had the better of it so far.

Wilks allowed him to clamber to his feet. In the tussle, the bib of Red's overalls had been torn loose. His flannel shirt had been torn open, and a bent red card protruded from an improvised inside pocket. Wilks and Red saw it at the same time, and there was a fierce struggle in which Wilks secured the card, though it was crumpled and torn in two. He hastily passed it to Underwood while still holding Red, who was now snarling like a wild beast. Underwood pieced the card together, read it, and with a significant smile handed it to Mr. Wells.

"Do not molest bearer, no matter where found," slowly read Wells, pausing to adjust his glasses. "He is acting for the good of the order—Evans."

Mr. Wells pondered on the matter with his habitual caution, and acknowledged himself

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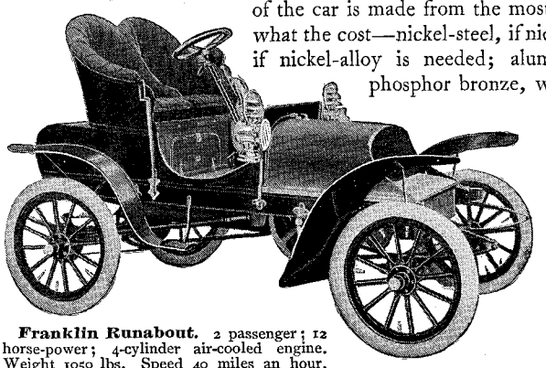

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beaten by curtly ordering Lanigan back to work, and Red off the premises.

Released, Red hurried to the door, but there he turned and shook his fist at Lanigan.

"I was sent in here to do you up, you rat!" he frothed. "I'll get you yet."

X

The Tremont, Wells & Tremont plant settled down into a distressing rut. The plant was short-handed, and the men they had were miserable substitutes for the intelligent workmen who had grown up in the place. They were falling behind hopelessly in their contracts. Wells wanted to give up, but Tremont held on with dogged determination, though even he had moments of wavering.

"It's suicidal to give up," he urged. "If we let these fellows get the whip-hand we shall never again be our own masters. The more we give them the more they will want."

There was wavering without as well as within the stockade. The winter dragged on, hard and pitiless. The relief fund was kept drained, and there was untold suffering in households that had a right to good food and warm clothing. The organization began to show signs of disintegration. A few of the men slipped inside the stockade and went to work. More left the city to search in other fields. The balance, as time wore on, grew desperate.

Down in the engine-room Lanigan was happy. Frequent letters from the country told that the wife and boy were getting along splendidly. Danny was playing outdoors, now, warmly clad and enjoying the snow like any other boy. Maggie herself had not believed it possible that she would ever be so well. If they only had him with them——

That was the black cloud on his horizon. When should he ever see them again? Obviously not so long as the strike held.

An epidemic of intestinal grippe broke out in the city. The men in the stockade, well-fed, well-housed, leading necessarily regular lives, suffered but slightly from it, but there was terrible havoc in the homes where want dwelt. Enthusiasm was dead. Men wanted work, and they would have it.

The strike was broken. In mass-meeting the men voted to concede every point except a minor one "that the company would be glad to grant them." Desperate as they were, the men were united on making the ousting of the traitors a condition.

Tremont, Wells & Tremont agreed to a conference. The committee, when they came, agreed to accept the old hours and rate of wages and explained their one condition.

"But there are a few of our own deserters among the lot," Evans went on. "We must insist on those men being discharged."

Tremont studied gravely over the matter.

"Look here, Evans, what you really mean is Lanigan, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, it's Lanigan, I suppose," Evans finally confessed.

"You can't have him," curtly replied Tremont. "He shall have a job here as long as the plant runs, if he wants it."

There was more than merely Lanigan behind this contention. Tremont was bound to achieve a complete mastery, Evans bound to gain some concession, no matter how slight.

"Then we can't come to an agreement," declared Evans.

"Good-day, gentlemen," suavely remarked Tremont, and they filed from the office.

XI

Out in the front a throng had gathered, impatient for the report, and as the committee emerged from the office, glum and disconcerted, a sullen roar went up. Their faces had told

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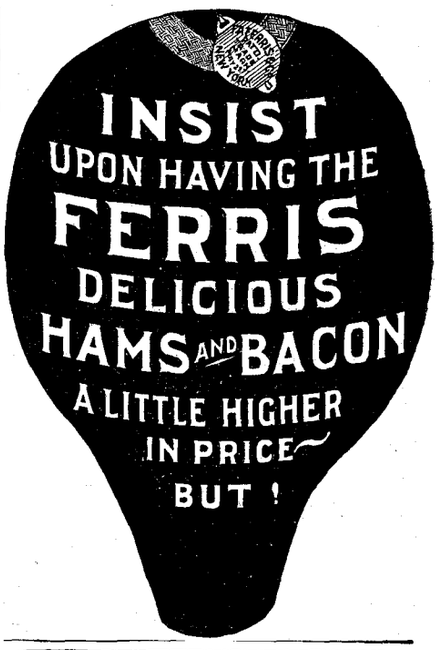

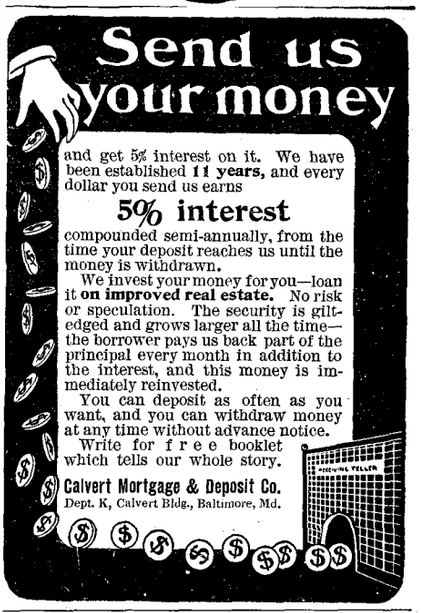

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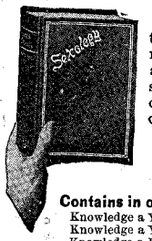

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the tale all too plainly. Evans raised his hand for silence and briefly explained what had happened. The contention, he told them, had narrowed down to the discharge of one man, Lanigan, and the company would not even grant that. The men must come back as abjectly as whipped slaves, if they came back at all.

The roar began again, hoarse and angry, rising and falling in gusts like the misty drifts of a wind-tossed rain-storm, ominous, reckless, savage. These men were despairing and desperate.

The roar penetrated to the office, found Tremont with hard-set jaws, and Underwood idly drumming on the window-pane.

"Looks as though we might have a scrimmage," observed Underwood. "I've got six lines of hose ready, and I'll bet I could clear the street in five minutes. Wonder if they'll do anything?"

"No!" said Tremont, shortly. "I'm looking for the committee back in half an hour."

"Don't you believe it," Underwood quickly replied. "You couldn't get them to come back now at any price—except just Lanigan."

Tremont made no answer.

The telephone bell rang. The chief of police wanted to know if he wished a detachment of police sent around. The patrolman had just 'phoned in that things looked squally.

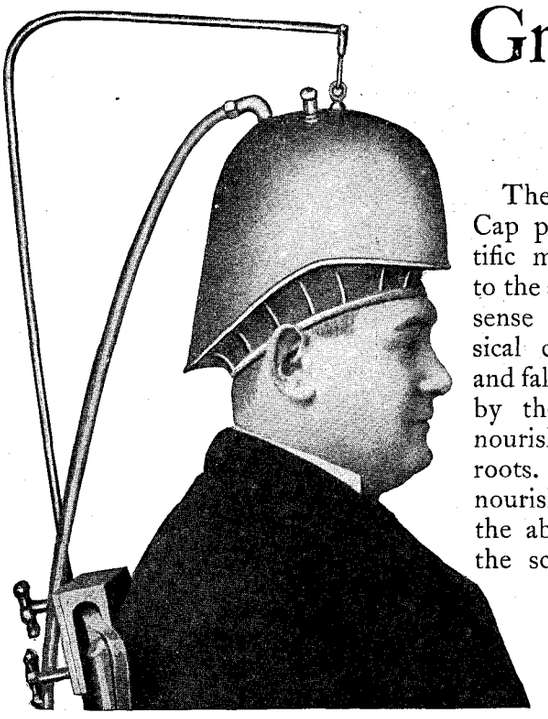
"No," replied Tremont. "I don't want to see a brass-button on this block until I give the word. It would mean a riot."

"Right you are," agreed the chief. "I'll mass them at the Oak Street station. 'Phone there if you want them."

The roar echoed back to where Lanigan sat with his head bowed in his hands. It had come at last, this thing that he had been expecting. When Underwood had told him, the day before, that the men offered to yield every point, "with one minor exception," he knew what the exception was as well as if he had heard the words. He knew what the roar meant, too. The "minor concession" had been refused, and he felt a thrill of gratitude toward Tremont, toward all of them—they had been very kind to him.

What was to be the end of it? He looked the thing squarely in the face. He, only, stood in the way. Perhaps there were half a dozen others, but he was the chief offender. What could he do for Maggie and Danny, or they for themselves? They were neither one of them strong enough to do anything but beg, and he suddenly remembered, with grim irony, that

A Scientific Method of Growing Hair



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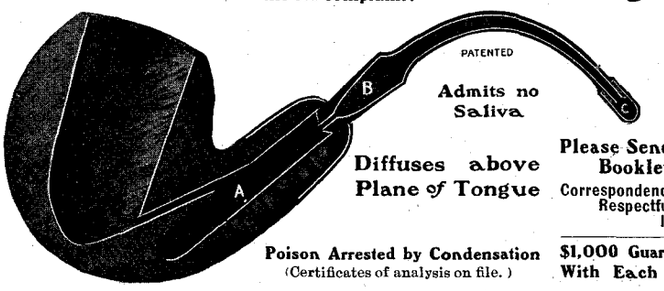

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there were laws against begging, as well as against working. There was no law against their dying, though. They *should* not!

What, then, was he to do? Die!

The answer leaped to his brain like a lightning-flash, clear and persistent, not to be evaded.

Living, he could not help them. He had tried it for nearly fifteen years, and he had been a failure. An utter failure! He had been only able to keep them alive to suffer and endure. From now on he must be a worse failure than ever, and he must see them perish before his very eyes. They should *not!*

What, then, was he to do? Die!

There was another phase of the question. Throughout the city there was a myriad of homes where want and misery abode because of him. Women and children were huddled together, freezing because of him. Hundreds of hungry mouths gaped open, empty, because of him.

He seemed to see them in a throng about him, set in wan, pinched faces, the faces of tiny, helpless babes, the haggard faces of young girls grown old and gaunt, their beauty withered before it had even bloomed, the faces of anguished mothers, of neglected orphans, of despairing widows, all, all with pleading eyes upturned to him, who alone could succor them.

What, then, was he to do? Die!

XII

Lanigan had donned his street garb. The roar sounded much louder outside the door, swelling up suddenly like the blare of a band turning a corner. He went steadily on into the office.

"Hello, Lanigan, what do you want?" asked Tremont, not unkindly.

"Excuse me for asking, Mr. Tremont, but was not the strike committee just here?" he asked with simple directness.

"It was," replied Tremont.

"And they made my discharge the sole condition of settlement?"

"Well, yes," admitted Tremont.

"And you refused?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you." Lanigan laid some papers on Tremont's desk. "Here is my policy and a letter to my wife. Will you kindly take charge of them?"

"Of course, I'll take care of them, Lanigan," agreed Tremont in surprise, "but what are you going to do?"

"Quit."

Lanigan walked quietly to the door that led out on the street.

"Lanigan!" cried Tremont, jumping from his chair, but he was too late. The engineer had already gained the steps.

For a moment the roar died down, but, as he was recognized, it broke out in redoubled fury, and there were loud cries of "Scab!" and "Traitor!" mingled with it.

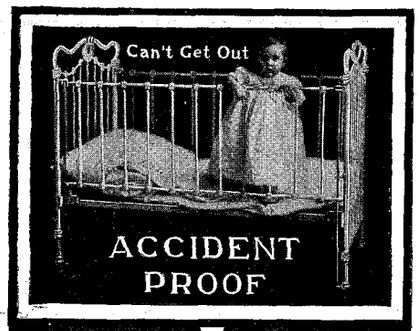
Lanigan raised his hand, and order was restored in an instant. They were curious to hear what he had to say—what any one had to say.

He was pale, but calm, even at thorough peace, one might believe.

"Boys," said he simply, "the strike is over. I've quit."

His voice was low, and only those nearest heard him. These raised a faint cheer, but cries of "Traitor!" broke out again in the edge of the crowd, and the new sound of a snarl was in the savage roar that suddenly welled up.

Lanigan looked slowly over the crowd, waiting. Presently, with that prescience which seems sometimes vouchsafed to men on the brink, he shifted his glance square around, unerringly to the point where the sun caught the fleeting glint of polished steel. He was the only one in all that throng who saw it, and he saw, too, behind the glint, the malicious eyes of Red Coleman. There was a dull boom, a quick reverberation, and Lanigan swayed, fell against the door, and slid slowly down.



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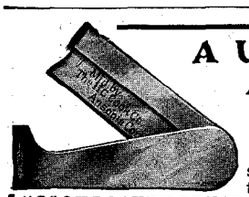
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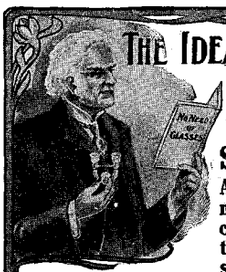
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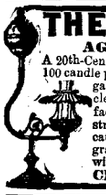
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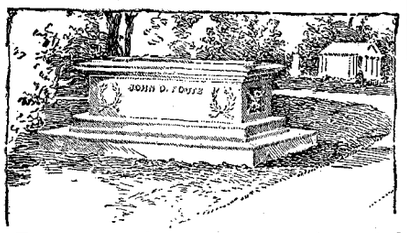

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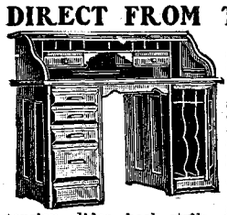

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It was Underwood who rushed out and raised him up.

"You curs!" he cried, his eyes blazing with rage. "He was the best man among you. He gave up his job, just now, that you wolves might have work. And you've killed him! Go home, you cowards!"

Tremont was out now, and he helped Underwood to carry in his burden. They laid the engineer upon the huge leathern couch, and his eyes sought Tremont.

"You'll look after Maggie's affairs, won't you?" he pleaded, and Tremont nodded. He could not speak. "Tell Maggie I want her to do as I said about going into the country to live," Lanigan went on with difficulty.

"I'll see to it, old man," faltered Tremont, grasping his hand. "Rest easy about your family."

Underwood, careless, flippant Underwood, was weeping like a woman.

"God bless Maggie and Danny," Lanigan murmured, then he sank into a stupor. They thought he was past further speaking, when he opened his eyes and again addressed Tremont.

"Tell the boys I meant right by them," he said, with a gathering animation that for a moment deceived the watchers. "It's better for all to have work than just one. I'm still a union man, you may tell them. The union is right—first, last, and all the time. Tell the boys I said that, won't you? But say," he added, with a smile, "I broke the strike, Mr. Tremont. I guess I win the strike-breaker medal, eh? Tell Maggie and Danny——"

A momentary spasm twitched over his face. It was only momentary, and they waited for him to speak again.

But he merely smiled and lay gazing up at the ceiling. Lanigan was dead.

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By Richard Watson Gilder.

Here first published by special arrangement, from Mr. Gilder's new volume, "In The Heights," *which will be issued September 27.*

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Not so; nor hast of life the flower and height
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Thou mayest behold the scorn of thee and thine
Set on the laureled brow of him thy hand
Helped to that heaven; yes thou mayest see
Success, in them thou gavest strength to rise,
Used for thine own disfigurement and loss;
May'st know betrayal and forgetfulness:
And knowing shalt thy spirit hold in calm;
Pitying the arrogant; the meanly vain,—
Unbitterly, and with no cloying hate,
Disdain, nor envy; comforted and blest
With the high thought of knowledge, worthily gained,
And the humility which makes men wise,
And the uncensured pride of purity.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Peace Conference.

August 26.—The Czar sends his ultimatum, in which he declines to pay Japan an indemnity, but offers to cede the southern half of Saghalien and to pay liberally for the care of Russian prisoners of war. The peace envoys hold a brief session at Portsmouth.

August 28.—Mr. Sato declares that the Japanese have been instructed from Tokyo to make

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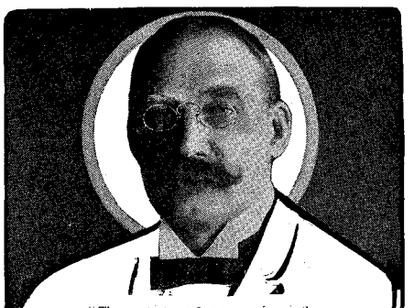

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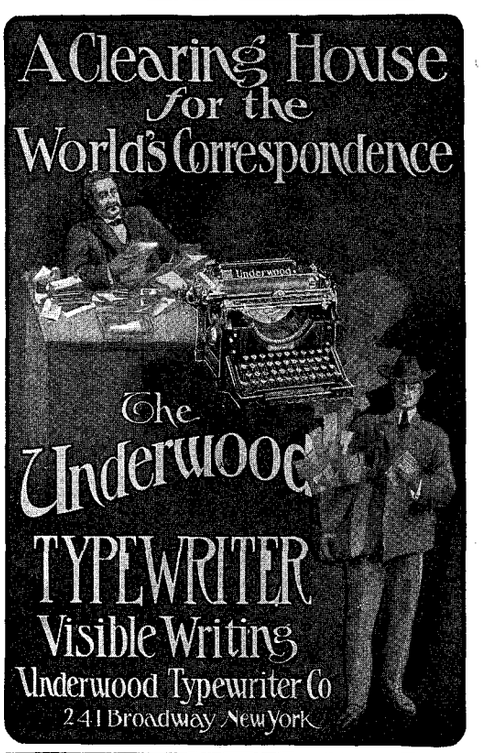

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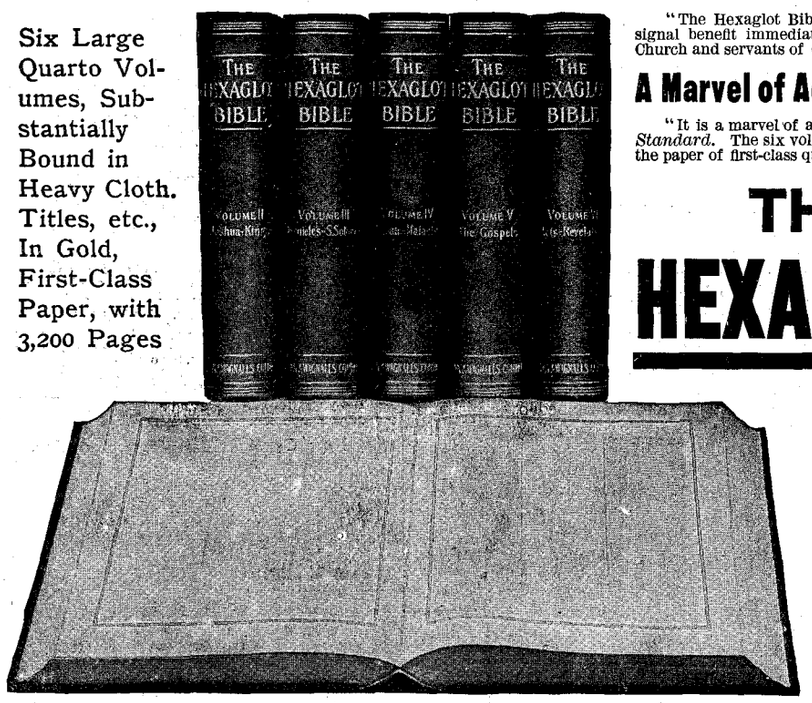

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further concessions in the interests of peace, as a result of counsel given to the Mikado by the Elder Statesmen.

August 29.—Acting under instructions from the Mikado the Japanese envoys at Portsmouth waive all claims to an indemnity and agree to return half of Saghalien to Russia. These concessions are accepted by the Russian envoys, and peace is agreed upon. The envoys recommend to their Emperors that an armistice be proclaimed.

August 30.—In European capitals the result of the peace conference is received with rejoicing, and telegrams according President Roosevelt glory in connection with his successful peace efforts pour in at Sagamore Hill from all parts of the world. Mr. de Maartens and Mr. Dennison, legal advisers of the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries, are at work on the details of the peace treaty. There is a strong probability that President Roosevelt will be awarded the next Nobel peace prize.

August 31.—Both Tokyo and St. Petersburg show dissatisfaction with the peace agreement. Mr. Witte receives a cable announcing the willingness of Russia to conclude an armistice. The Czar warmly thanks President Roosevelt for the part he took in bringing about peace.

September 1.—The Japanese envoys in Portsmouth, on instructions from the Mikado, refuse to consent to an armistice before the signing of the treaty; and an agreement is drawn up, providing for an armistice when the treaty is signed.

FOREIGN.

August 26.—Morocco refuses to admit the control by France over French-Algerian citizens in Moroccan territory and to release Bouzian.

Widespread famine in Spain leads to looting and pillage.

August 28.—France orders two cruisers to be ready to enforce her demands on Morocco.

Secretary Taft and his party return to Manila.

The World's Peace Congress begins at Brussels.

August 30.—Morocco releases the French-Algerian merchant Bouzian, in whose behalf France was about to make a military demonstration.

Many scientific expeditions observe the eclipse of the sun in the track of its totality, and important discoveries are expected.

Domestic.

August 28.—J. P. Morgan visits Oyster Bay to confer with the President on the Canton-Hankow railway concession.

Forty-five new cases and five deaths from yellow fever are reported from New Orleans.

Thomas F. Ryan, of the Equitable Life, declares himself in favor of federal control of insurance.

Edwin S. Holmes, Jr., indicted in the cotton report scandal, gives $10,000 bail in Washington, D. C.

Minister Rockhill cables that the Chinese boycott on American cotton piece goods is about to be lifted, and that the boycott as a whole is subsiding.

August 29.—Under President Roosevelt's advice the American-China Development Company agrees to sell to China the Hankow-Canton railroad concession for $6,750,000.

August 30.—Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte approves the report of the court of inquiry in the case of the *Bennington* disaster except the finding that the vessel's condition and the discipline were good; he also orders the court-martial of Commander Lucien Young.

It is announced that the Subway Tavern, dedicated by Bishop Potter, will no longer be run as a temperance resort.

The Congressmen who have just concluded conference in Manila with agitators for Philippine independence, decide that the Filipinos are altogether unfit for immediate independence.

August 31.—The new battle-ship *Vermont* is launched at Quincy, Mass.

The "Subway Tavern," of New York becomes an ordinary saloon.

Paul Morton announces that the Depew Improvement Company has paid to the Equitable Life Assurance Society $293,850.82, the principal and interest of a loan made to the improvement company by the Equitable in January, 1898.

September 1.—The advisory board of American and foreign engineers, invited by the President to pass upon various plans for the Panama Canal, assemble in Washington.

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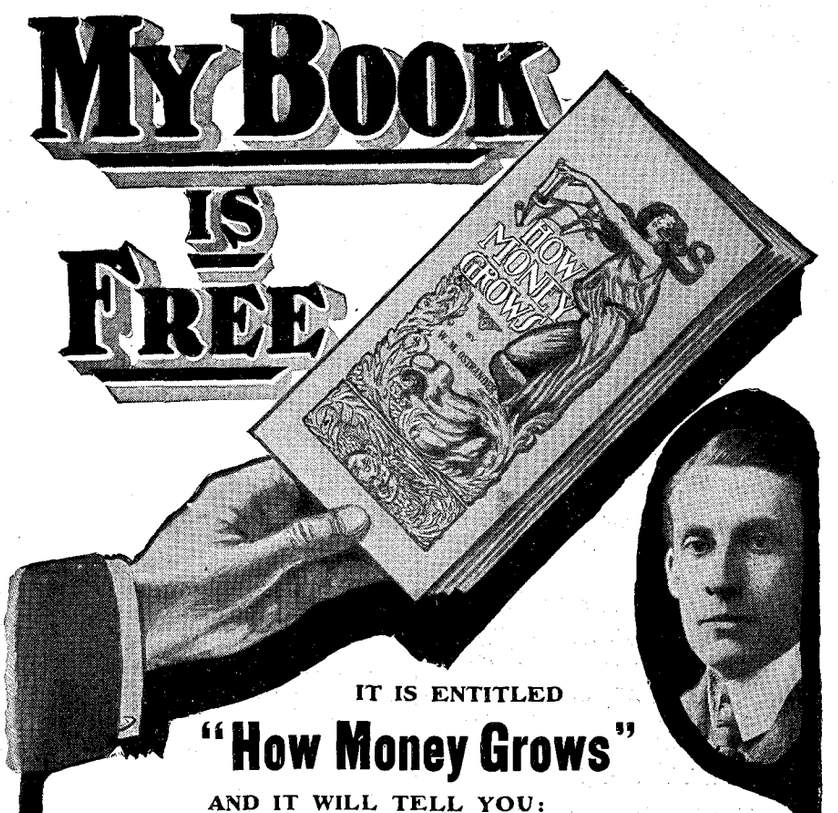

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"W. B. W.," New York.—"(1) How do you pronounce the word 'ex cathedra'? Is it 'ex ca'thedra' or 'ex cath'edra'? (2) Also is it now a single English word or is it purely Latin not Anglicized?"

(1) The accepted pronunciation of the Standard Dictionary is cath'e-dra ("e" as the second "e" in "element"). Other authorities sanction the pronunciations ca-thee'dra and cathed'ra. (2) Modern dictionaries treat this as a Latin phrase.

"J. K. H.," Kerrville, Tex.—"What is the correct possessive adjective for describing apparel for men or women, say hats, for instance? Would you use the singular or plural form of adjective in describing either singular or plural nouns? Which are correct—'man's hat' and 'man's hats' or 'men's hat' and 'men's hats'?"

Everything depends upon what "J. K. H." means. It is perfectly correct English to say "a man's hats" if you mean that a man has more than one hat. It is equally good English to say "a men's hat" if you mean a hat for men. "Man" and "men" in these cases are used as possessive nouns, not as adjectives. One can correctly say "a man's hat," "a man's hats," "men's hat," and "men's hats." If, however, you mean hats for men, the proper form would be "men's hats."

To Various Correspondents.—The term "ju-jutsu" is pronounced joo-joot'soo', and is defined by Hepburn in his Japanese-English Dictionary as "the art of wrestling or of throwing others by sleight." This word is also spelled "jiu-jitsu."

"I. M. C.," Grand Rapids, Minn.—"Kindly give the correct pronunciation of the last name of Andrew Carnegie."

Car'nay'gi; pronounce the first "a" as in "far" and the "g" hard.

"G. A. D.," Jersey City, N. J., and "A. G. S.," Wooster, O.—"(1) What is the technical word for mind-reading? (2) What is a woman who is neither a blonde nor a brunette?"

(1) Telepathy. (2) We do not know.

"W. H. H.," Chambersburg, Pa.—"Please distinguish between 'forcible' and 'forceful'; 'forcibly' and 'forcefully.'"

"Forcible" means "accomplished, effected, or brought about by the employment of force; as, a *forcible* arrest, a *forcible* entry." "Forceful" means "having or indicating force; strong; potent; as, a *forceful* style." "Forcibly" means "in a forcible manner; by the use of force; so as to exert force." "Forcefully" means "in an effective manner, or in a manner that shows strength."

"Seeker," Port Hope, Canada.—The word about which you inquire is defined on page 759, foot of column 3, of the Standard Dictionary. It is not within the province of a dictionary to give the additional information you seek.

"L. F. C.," Boston, Mass.—"Where may I find the word 'bifurcate' in your dictionary?"

On page 193 in column 1, where it is defined as "bifurcate, *v.* and *a.* To fork; divide into two branches or stems; forked."

"J. S. H.," Scranton, Pa.—"May the word 'deadly' be used in the following sentence in speaking of a disease, 'It is a *deadly* thing'?"

It may be so used correctly, as "deadly" means "capable of causing or certain to cause death; destructive; fatal."

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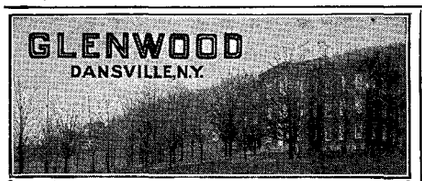

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OUST THE DEMON

A Tussle with Coffee

There is something fairly demoniacal in the way coffee sometimes wreaks its fiendish malice on those who use it.

A lady writing from Calif. says :—

"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head.

"I was unable to hold my head up straight, the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble, till a friend suggested that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee.

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headache ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished.

"We have never resumed the use of the old coffee, but relish our Postum every day as well as we did the former beverage. And we are delighted to find that we can give it freely to our children also, something we never dared to do with the old kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum Coffee contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but relieves the coffee drinker from the old drug poison.

There's a reason.

The Student's Pen

now sold by us is equipped with Clip Cap for men and chatelaine attachment for women, both of which afford protection against loss, and yet are easily detached for use. Our Ideal flows steadily, never floods or blots, is easily filled and cleaned.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Most substitutes for the Genuine are offered at college centers, therefore be sure the pen you purchase is marked Waterman's Ideal.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS

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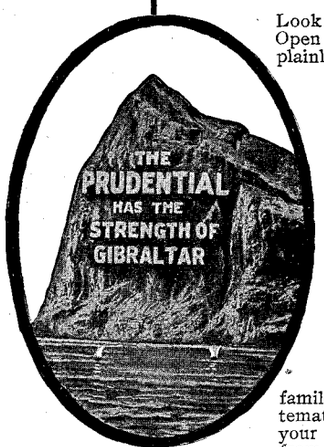
173 Broadway, New York

138 Montgomery St., San Francisco
8 School St., Boston
160 State St., Chicago
136 St. James St., Montreal

Did You Save It?



Look back over your accounts. Open your purse and see how plainly you can see the bottom. Look at the bank book, and compare last month's balance with this.

Where is the dollar, or five or ten that you meant to save? Did you save what you meant to?

The Prudential

can and will help you. It can provide a way of saving, and make it decidedly to your own and your family's advantage to save systematically. It can also make your savings earn something from the start.

And if, while you are saving, you should be suddenly taken away, your family will receive *immediately* the insurance money which your payments secured from the very beginning.

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